

Brave Dragon Trainers

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Summary: Part two in the Dragon Trainer, Dragon Speaker series.

Hiccup, Grim, and the rest of the riders go to Scotland to help them with their dragon problem. But being on Celtic soil is making Grim as cold as the frost he is named for and he fears he may be recognized by the nobles of Scotland.

1. Chapter 1

****And now it's time to start the second part of the Dragon Trainer, Dragon Speaker series. I hope it measures up to the standard I set for it in the first part. Please review at the end and tell me what you think about it.****

* * *

><p>For six weeks, the dragon trainers and other Vikings prepared to aid Scotland against the Death. Hiccup spent a better part of his free time in his room or at the forge.<p>

"Done," he announced, holding up to inspect a thin bladed short sword.

"Glad to hear," came a rich, smooth voice said at the entrance to the forge. The voice did not match the rough looking appearance of the boy that it came from. He was taller than Hiccup, but thin like him with deathly pale skin, dark, messy hair, and pure blue eyes. His clothes were made out of blue and black dragon scales.

"Grim," Hiccup addressed his adoptive brother.

A few months ago, Hiccup and Toothless had been kidnapped by Alvin and met Grim and his dragon, Deathshriek, a Baleful Banshee. It didn't take long for Hiccup and Grim to become friends and Stoick offered Grim to be his adoptive son. The teen had been living on an island inhabited only by dragons after his tribe banished him for

having a dragon for a friend two years ago. While there, Grim was forced to learn how to speak to dragons and could carry on a conversation with any dragon. Grim also learned how to turn shed dragon scales into clothing. It was how he made his keep on Berk and traded with Trader Johann. Despite his thin frame, Grim was very strong, able to wrestle a full-grown Viking into submission.

"It's beautiful," Grim commented on the Hiccup's new blade.

"Thanks," said Hiccup. "Did you need the forge?"

"No," replied Grim. "Can we talk? I would like a human's advice."

"Sure," said Hiccup. "Why not talk to Dad though? Or Gobber?"

"Because you're the only one who knows this side of me, brother," said Grim.

Hiccup knew what he was talking about. Grim wasn't a Viking by blood.

"Let's get our dragons," said Hiccup. "We'll go to the cove and talk there."

Grim nodded. He turned and lifted his head to the sky. He let out a distinct roar and Hiccup knew he was calling for Deathshriek. Grim also let out a Night Fury call, not a very loud one knowing that Toothless and Hiccup were never far apart.

Toothless bounded up to Grim. "***Hello, Grim. Hiccup!***" Toothless saw his favorite human come out to him.

Grim chuckled as Toothless ran up to Hiccup. He heard the sound of wings flapping and a tenor roar. A dark blue and black dragon a little large than Toothless landed in front of Grim. Its face was covered in blue and black markings. Slightly slanted eyes were almost the same shade of blue as Grim's. Unlike other dragons, this one did not have a saddle of any sort.

"***Deathshriek.***"

Deathshriek warbled.

Grim climbed onto Deathshriek's back and they took to the sky. Hiccup and Toothless followed. The two dragons left their riders at the cove.

Hiccup waited for Grim to tell him what was wrong. He found that if Grim didn't want to talk, he wouldn't and would hide with the dragons instead of coming home at night.

"I'm concerned about going to Scotland," said Grim. "I wonder if I will know someone there from my past life."

"What are the chances?" asked Hiccup.

"Decent," said Grim. "I was the prince of Ireland. I was around kings

and chiefs of other kingdoms and tribes."

"That doesn't mean they'll recognize you," Hiccup pointed out.

Grim smiled. "True. Two years ago I could hunt a stag with a bow and arrow. Now I can chase one down if I ever need to."

"And they don't know your new name," said Hiccup. "I don't know your real name."

"Grim Frosti is my name now. The dragons named me. I cut all ties with Ireland when they banished me."

Hiccup nodded in understanding. "Do you want to tell Dad about this yet?"

"I don't want anyone to know," said Grim. "You're my brother and I told you in confidence."

Toothless looked at Deathshriek. "***Do you think Grim will be okay?***"

"**Grim has always been sore when it comes to the Celts,**" said Deathshriek. "***This is painful for him.**"

"**Why does he do this?***"

"**He is not doing this for the Celts, but for the dragons,**" said Deathshriek.

"Are you ready for this, Hiccup?" Grim asked.

Hiccup took a deep breath. "I'm ready."

They heard a horn sound.

"There's a docking ship," said Hiccup. "Let's go!"

Everyone raced to the docks to see the ship come in. It was not a very large one and it was not flying Viking colors. Instead a white flag flew from its mast.

Hiccup ran to his father while Grim went to the other dragon trainers.

"What's happening?" Grim asked Astrid.

"We don't know," Astrid replied. "This ship came in flying a white flag."

"Scottish." Grim moved to Hiccup and Stoick. "Our answer has come."

Stoick walked to the end of the dock with Gobber. Behind them were Hiccup and Grim.

A man stepped off the ship and onto the dock. He wore a plaid kilt and a shirt.

"I wish to speak to the chief of Berk," he said with a heavy Scottish

accent.

"I am Stoick the Vast," Stoick said proudly.

"His highness, the King of Scotland, has sent a call for aid to help rid Scotland of the dragons," the Scotsman said. "The Vikings of Berk have answered and have permission to set foot on Scotland. The King and Queen request for you to come to Castle Dunbroch and be treated as their guests."

"We accept," said Stoick.

"They ask you come as quickly as you can," the Scotsman continued.

Stoick turned to Grim. "How long did it take you to reach Scotland?"

"At a steady pace and on a good wind, a day and half a night," replied Grim.

The Scotsman frowned.

Stoick turned to the people on the cliffs. "Riders! Prepare for battle!" he boomed.

* * *

><p>Merida looked outside her window. Her mother had forbidden her from riding Angus until the dragon raids were over. Her father had backed up the decision as well.<p>

Merida thought she could do something. She was the best archer in Scotland. She should be able to fight these beasts.

She went down to the dining hall for lunch. Her parents and the triplets were waiting for her.

"The lords are sending their warriors," Elinor said. "And we await the Vikings of Berk."

"Vikings?" cried Merida. "After all they have done to us? You're letting Vikings come to Dunbroch? Are you mad?"

"Easy, lass," said Fergus.

"The Vikings of Berk have never raided Scotland," said Elinor. "And the stories are they had dragon problems of their own. They can help us."

"We'll see," hissed Merida.

"The lords should be here tomorrow," said Elinor added.

"We don't have much of a choice, Merida," said Fergus.

Merida sulked.

"It will take some time for the Vikings to arrive," Elinor said. "I don't expect them here for another week. It gives us plenty of time

to inform the other clans and prepare for their arrival."

"Fine," Merida said.

Merida finished her lunch and went to the hobby room. She stared at the tapestry her mother was working on. It was of Merida and her mother as a bear fighting Mor'du.

"Merida," Elinor said. "I know you don't want the Vikings here, but this is the only solution."

"Did you have to invite our enemies to our home?" Merida blurted out.

Elinor sighed. "I don't expect you to understand. Sometimes, we have to turn to our enemies for help. These Berk Vikings have experience fighting dragons. The stories run rampant with the traders. One speaks of a dragon conqueror on Berk."

"You're hoping to have his help," Merida said.

Elinor nodded. "Yes. You should be on your best behavior when they arrive."

"Mum, I'm not marrying a Viking," Merida quickly said.

Elinor laughed. "I would never dream such a thing."

"Yeah, right," muttered Merida.

Elinor hugged her daughter.

* * *

><p>I know this isn't a very long chapter, but if I kept going, I wouldn't have found a proper stopping place until possibly half way through the story. Any of you who are expecting a MeridaHiccup pairing, sorry. Also, to the person who was concerned about Grim sounding like a Gary Stu at some parts, as the series goes on, you're going to see Grim's abilities aren't always going to save him. Review.**

2. Chapter 2

This chapter is much longer than the previous one. It also has a little more action. The Scots meet the Vikings! And there is an old acquaintance that comes back from Dragon Trainer, Dragon Speaker. Please review and if anyone is interested in doing fan art for either story, let me know. I have no cover art for them.

* * *

><p>In the morning, Merida got ready to meet the lords and their sons. She wasn't required to dress up like she did for the games. She pulled on a dark blue dress and let her hair loose.<p>

Elinor wore a green dress and her hair was unbound. Fergus was wearing the Dunbroch colors along with some armor. The triplets were dressed alike in their best clothes.

The guards announced the arrivals of the three clans and all three lords with their sons and warriors in tow came marching in accompanied by bagpipe music. The rivalry between the clans was not as strong as it had been before the queen was turned into a bear. However, Lord Dingwall still stood on a stool.

Fergus stood up from his throne. "So, here we are, the four clans. We are here to fight against the dragons that plague Scotland."

"Say the word, my king, and will drive these beasties from our land," said Lord Macintosh.

Cheers went up from the warriors.

Fergus tried to quiet them.

Elinor stood up. "Gentlemen," she called loudly to be heard. "We will fight these dragons. We have asked the aid of other clans and countries as well. The Vikings of Berk have answered our call for aid."

Outraged shouting filled the hall. None of them were happy with the fact the Vikings had been asked to help and even worse that the call was answered.

"SHUT IT!" roared Fergus.

The room went silent.

"Thank you, dear," said Elinor. She cleared her throat. "The Vikings of Berk have had their own problems concerning dragons in the recent past. They will have knowledge of how to defeat them."

"And what will keep them from turning on us?" someone asked.

"They are ruthless!"

"They raided our villages!"

The room was in an uproar again.

Merida could take no more of the shouting. She got up and left the room, rubbing at her ears.

"Princess?"

Merida turned to see the three young lords.

"Are you all right?" asked Young Macintosh.

"Yes," replied Merida.

Young Macintosh put his shoulders back. "Our fathers asked us to look after you during our stay. Now it's more important that we do with the Vikings coming."

"I believe I can handle myself around the Vikings, Young Lord Macintosh," said Merida.

"We will still watch out for you," said Wee Dingwall.

Young MacGuffin nodded. "It's our duty to help protect our future queen." His speech was slow, but they could understand him.

Young Macintosh and Wee Dingwall agreed.

"I fear no dragon," Young Macintosh said proudly. "I will slay any dragon with Blood Stabber."

"You're not going to run away screamin' like a little girl?" Young MacGuffin asked, his accent thickening as he spoke.

Young Macintosh frowned, trying to understand what MacGuffin said. "I'm not a coward!"

There was a booming roar outside.

"Dragons!" someone shouted.

Young Macintosh drew his sword. "And I'll prove it to you and the princess."

The warriors ran outside armed with their weapons. What they saw astonished them. Dragons of different shapes, sizes, and colors hovered above the castle. They did not attack, but that was not what had the men in stunned silence. On the back of almost every dragon was a rider. A blue, flat-looking dragon with puny legs had two large men on its back. One of them was holding a white banner.

Fergus stared up at the dragons and their riders. "They're Vikings."

"Who here is the king of Scotland?" one of the large men shouted down. He had long, bushy beard was divided and plaited into sections.

"I am Fergus the Bear King, king of Scotland!" Fergus called up. "Who are you?"

"I am Stoick the Vast, chief of Berk!"

Fergus was in shock. The Vikings of Berk had tamed dragons?

"If it is all right with you, King Fergus, our dragons are tired and we would like to land," Stoick called down.

Fergus nodded. "Yes. Yes! You may land in the courtyard."

Lord Dingwall turned to Fergus. "Are you sure this is a good idea?"

"No," replied Fergus.

The dragons landed in the courtyard and the riders dismounted.

Stoick and Gobber turned to the lords.

The other riders stayed with their dragons.

Astrid leaned over to Hiccup. "Do you think our dragons will be safe?"

"We have to trust the Scots," said Hiccup.

Snotlout barked a laugh. "I'd like to see them try. Hookfang will annihilate them."

At the word "annihilate", Hookfang shot a ball of fire near Snotlout.

Snotlout slowly turned around. "You just love doing that, don't you?" he hissed.

"**You make it too easy,**" Hookfang grumbled with humor laced in his tone.

Fergus came up to Stoick. The two men sized each other up.

"Thank you for offering aid to us," Fergus said. He looked at the dragons. "Though I'm not sure how to take this."

"Take it one step at a time, your highness," said Stoick. "That's how we did."

Hiccup scanned the crowd of Scots as more gathered to look at the dragons. "Seems like they're curious."

"Nothing violent," Astrid said.

Stormfly chirped a warning.

Fishlegs patted Meatlug to calm her. "They see their weapons."

The other dragons began to growl as well.

"Let them try to attack us," Tuffnut chuckled darkly.

"Yeah," his twin agreed, cracking her knuckles.

"Enough."

Teens and dragons turned to Grim. He was patting Ember-Ash's neck. Deathshriek stood protectively over his friend.

"Remember, we are here to help," Grim said, not turning from Ember-Ash.

The young lords and Merida appeared in the courtyard.

"Dragons," breathed Merida. Her face lit up in excitement.

The young lords were shocked. Young Macintosh's grip loosened on his sword.

Elinor came out another door. "Oh, my." She put her hand over her heart. "Fergus."

Fergus, Stoick, and Gobber turned to the queen.

"Elinor, meet Stoick the Vast, chief of Berk, and Gobber the Belch," Fergus introduced, still a bit nervous about having the dragons around. "My wife, Queen Elinor."

"Your majesty," Gobber said with an awkward bow.

Elinor looked at the dragons. They all focused on her, somehow knowing she was someone important.

Toothless was the first to move. He slowly walked up to the queen with Hiccup at his side.

Elinor took a step back.

"It's okay," Hiccup said quickly. "He's friendly."

Hiccup gently took her hand and held it up palm first for Toothless to sniff.

"See?" Hiccup said.

Toothless pressed his nose against her palm. The connection only lasted for a second before Toothless pulled away. He gave a gummy smile, sticking out his forked tongue a little.

"You have a gentle beast," Elinor said.

"His name's Toothless," Hiccup said.

"An odd, but fitting name," said Elinor. "And what's your name, lad?"

"My name's Hiccup."

Elinor frowned. "Who would name their child Hiccup?"

"My dad would," said Hiccup. "It's tradition to refer to small Vikings as hiccups."

"Stories tell that the dragon conqueror lives on Berk," said Elinor.

Hiccup groaned. "It's not dragon conqueror. It's dragon trainer."

"Hiccup's the first Viking to train a dragon, your highness," Stoick said, putting a large hand on Hiccup's shoulder.

Elinor smiled at Hiccup. "You have a brave son, Stoick."

"I'm a very lucky father," said Stoick. "You haven't met my other son. Grim!"

Grim walked over and bowed to Elinor.

"I see the resemblance between you and Hiccup," Elinor said to Stoick. "But Grim must look like his mother."

"I am adopted, your highness," said Grim. "Stoick was kind enough to

give me a home on Berk."

Elinor was surprised by Grim's speech and actions. Hiccup had not bowed, but was respectful, but Grim seemed to know about royal protocol.

"Looks like things are going well," said Fishlegs.

"It might not be so bad," said Astrid.

Merida came forward.

Tuffnut saw her and elbowed Snotlout. "Check her out."

Snotlout smiled. "Hello," he said to Merida.

"Hello," said Merida.

"You like dragons?" asked Snotlout. "If you have any questions, you can just ask me."

Tuffnut pushed Snotlout away. "You should talk to the dragon master," he said to Merida.

Ruffnut grabbed her brother by the horn of his helmet while Astrid smacked Snotlout with the handle of her axe. The girls dragged them away.

Fishlegs stepped up to Merida. "Sorry about them," he said to Merida. "If you want to, I can show you Meatlug. She's really nice. I think she'll like to meet you."

"She's not going to eat me, is she?" asked Merida.

"No," replied Fishlegs. "Our dragons like to eat fish. Come on. I'll introduce you."

Merida followed Fishlegs over to the brown Gronkle.

"This is Meatlug," Fishlegs said. "She's a Gronkle, one of the Boulder Class dragons."

"Dragons have classes?" asked Merida.

"Uh-huh," said Fishlegs. "Bork the Bold, the Viking who wrote the Book of Dragons, classifies dragons into the seven classes: Boulder, Stoker, Sharp, Fear, Mystery, Tidal, and Strike."

"All seven class are represented here," Astrid said, rejoining them.

Meatlug grunted and began sniffing Merida.

"It's okay," said Fishlegs. "She just wants to check out you."

"Nice, Meatlug?" Merida said nervously.

Fishlegs smiled. "You can pet her."

Merida carefully put her hand on Meatlug's snout.

"They're docile," Young Macintosh blurted out.

This had the dragons and Vikings attention.

"They're nothing more than common house pets," he continued.

Growls went up from the dragons and they brought themselves up to their full height. The sight was intimidating, but not threatening.

"Who are you calling a house pet?" demanded Snotlout. "Hookfang's the fiercest dragon here!"

"Aye, your beast looks fierce," Young Macintosh continued. "But I bet it's a coward."

Several things happened in the next few seconds. The first was Hookfang lighting himself on fire. The second was Snotlout letting out a battle cry and charging Young Macintosh. The third was Deathshriek jumping in between the boys and Hookfang to keep from anyone from getting burned by Hookfang. The fourth was Grim jumping in to the fray and shoving Snotlout and Young Macintosh away from each other.

"Enough!" shouted Grim. He turned to Snotlout. "We are here as guests." He turned to Young Macintosh. "And we are here to give you aid. We can easily leave you to fend for yourselves."

Deathshriek was telling Hookfang basically the same thing. A stern look from both dragon and rider cemented the silence. Grim and Deathshriek looked at each other and nodded.

"Perhaps we should take this inside," said Fergus.

"The dragons will be fine out here if no one provokes them," said Grim. "Who's all staying with the dragons?"

"I will," said Fishlegs.

"We will," the twins said.

"So will I," said Snotlout.

"I better stay with them, too," said Astrid. "Fishlegs won't be able to keep those three out of the trouble without help."

Grim nodded. He went over to Deathshriek and muttered, "Keep them out of trouble. Make sure they're fed."

"**I will,**" said Deathshriek.

Stoick, Gobber, Hiccup, and Grim followed the king and queen into the castle. They were followed by the lords and their sons. Merida caught up with Hiccup and Grim.

"You train dragons?" Merida asked Hiccup.

"Yeah," replied Hiccup.

Merida turned to Grim. "And what possessed you to break up that fight?"

"I am around dragons more than I am people," said Grim. "Two teenagers trying to prove who has the bigger ego in a fist fight is nothing compared to a full-scale dragon fight."

"It's not something you want to get in the middle of," Hiccup added to Merida.

Merida looked down at his prosthetic. "Is that how you lost your leg?"

Hiccup looked down and patted what was left of his left leg. "It's a long story."

They gathered in the dining hall. The Scots were not happy when the Vikings were permitted to sit close to the royal family. The adults began discussing what to do about the dragons. Stoick told them all about the Death.

Merida was listening closely about the last Death the Vikings faced. "Is that how you lost your leg?" she asked Hiccup.

"Yeah," said Hiccup.

Grim tilted his head in the direction of the door.

"Grim, what's wrong, lad?" asked Gobber.

There was a knock on the door.

"Come in," Elinor called.

The door didn't open.

Grim gave a chuckle. "Deathshriek, I thought I told you to stay with the other dragons."

The door opened and a blue and black head poked around the corner. Underneath was a black head and green eyes.

"Toothless," Hiccup scolded gently.

The two dragons came into the dining hall.

"How did they get in here?" asked Fergus.

"Toothless and Deathshriek are smart dragons," said Hiccup. "Toothless hates being separated from me. He'll do anything to stay with me."

"Deathshriek is very much the same," said Grim.

The two dragons settled by their riders.

Three little redheads appeared. They startled the dragons and they looked up to see three identical faces.

"Boys!" scolded Elinor. "Get away from them."

"They're fine," Hiccup assured. He got up to see what the boys were doing.

The boys turned to Hiccup and ran up to him.

"Whoa!" Hiccup called when the boys swarmed him.

Toothless got up and sniffed at one of the boys, grabbing him by the collar with his gums to pull him away from Hiccup. The brothers turned to the Night Fury and ran up to him and petted him. Toothless looked at the boys with interest. He turned to Hiccup for what to do.

Merida stood up. "Boys."

They turned to her and scampered to their seats at the table.

"Sorry about that," said Merida. "They're curious."

"That's fine," said Hiccup. "I'm surprised they're not afraid of them."

"It takes a lot to scare my brothers," said Merida.

Fergus turned to Stoick when he saw his boys were fine. "How did you know about our dragon problem?"

"We heard it from a trader who makes his rounds close to Scotland," said Stoick.

Grim looked at Stoick, giving him a shake of his head. "Tell him the truth," Grim said softly.

They turned to the blue-eyed teen.

"One of the dragons we brought with us is a native of Scotland," said Grim. "He came to Berk starved. We knew there was something wrong. Deathshriek and I flew over Scotland, retracing the dragon's flight. We found aggressive dragons and based on the stories we've been told, it was safe to assume it's the work of a Death."

It wasn't the entire truth, but the Scots didn't need to know that Grim spoke to dragons.

"A Death uses other dragons to hunt for her," said Hiccup. "It's like bees tending to their queen. The other dragons can't disobey her or they'll be eaten."

"How do we defeat it?" asked Lord MacGuffin.

"The one we faced, Toothless blew it up," Hiccup said. "They're not fireproof on the inside."

"We'll follow the dragons back on their next raid," said Stoick. "We need to find the Death first."

"Ember-Ash would know," said Grim. "He's able to fly. He can lead us there."

"We're forgetting something," said Gobber. "What's to stop our dragons from being hypnotized?"

"Gobber's right," said Hiccup with a groan. "We'll be sitting ducks if our dragons are hypnotized."

Stoick turned to Grim. "How did you beat it the first time you came here?"

"I didn't," said Grim. "The dragons were being controlled, but it wasn't enough to take control of Deathshriek."

Deathshriek let out a grunt.

Merida had a scheming look on her face. She knew she could ask someone about how to defeat this Death dragon.

"I guess we'll work something out," said Hiccup.

"Will you be joining us for the feast?" asked Fergus.

"We would be honored, your highness," said Stoick.

* * *

><p>The feast was not the normal merry time the clans enjoyed. There were Vikings among them, dragon trainers no less.<p>

Merida kept giving glances to Stoick's sons. It was clear Hiccup was with Astrid by the way he looked at her. Grim was a different story. He was brave and mysterious. He was also a puzzle. It was clear he had some sort of noble upbringing by how he spoke and acted around her family and the other clans. However, he did not show off like the young lords did. He was also uncomfortable with being here.

Grim sipped at his drink. He rather be out with the dragons instead of in the dining hall, especially since he kept catching strange looks from Queen Elinor.

"Hey, what's wrong with you?" Tuffnut asked Grim.

"It's nothing," Grim said.

"It must be something," said Ruffnut.

"I said it's nothing!" Grim snapped.

The others at the table went silent.

"I'm sorry," said Grim, hanging his head. "I don't want to be here."

Hiccup leaned over to Grim. "I don't blame you. Go."

Grim stood up and left the dining hall.

"Where's he going?" Stoick asked Hiccup.

"He needs some space," said Hiccup.

"Go with him," said Stoick. "Gobber and I can handle things here."

Hiccup nodded and followed Grim out.

The other riders watched Hiccup follow Grim.

"What's up with them?" Ruffnut asked.

"Who cares?" Snotlout bit into a leg of mutton. "More food for us."

Grim went outside and sighed loudly. It was dark and the sky was starry.

"**What is it, Grim?**" Toothless asked.

"**Come here, Grim,**" said Deathshriek, lifting his wings up.

Grim stepped over to the Baleful Banshee's side. One wing came over Grim to shield him. The dragons heard the shuddering breath coming from Grim. It was masked when Deathshriek began singing.

Deathshriek looked at the other dragons, not missing a note as he continued his song. The others understood they were not to ask and not to speak of what was happening.

"Grim?"

Grim turned his head and saw Hiccup. "I'm fine. Give me a minute."

Hiccup waited while Grim collected himself.

"If you want to talk, I'll listen," said Hiccup. "I'm not a dragon, but. . ."

Grim nodded. "Dragons know a lot, but they don't know about this. The queen knows. I don't know how much, but she knows I'm no Viking."

Hiccup came over and put his hand on Grim's shoulder. "Not by blood. But you are my brother."

"Are you two all right out here?"

The boys and dragons turned to Merida. She was standing in the doorway, looking warily at the dragons.

"We're fine," said Hiccup. "You can come out here if you want. As long as you don't threaten them, they won't hurt you."

Merida slowly came out into the courtyard. This was the first time she could get up close to them without her parents seeing how intrigued she was with them.

"I never thought they could be so docile," Merida said.

"Keep in mind, princess, they are dangerous," Grim said.

Merida moved to Ember-Ash. "I noticed this one doesn't have a saddle."

"Ember-Ash is a dragon of Scotland," said Grim. "He has no rider."

Merida put her hand out to the smaller Nightmare. He put his muzzle to her hand. Merida took that as a sign she was allowed to pet him.

Hiccup gave a lopsided smile. "You learn quick."

"I'm just doing what the other Vikings showed me," said Merida.

"Fishlegs is book smart when it comes to dragons," said Hiccup. "He knows the Book of Dragons word for word. Grim and I are more hands-on."

A screech from above caught their attention. They looked up and saw something almost slithering across the night sky.

"What is that?" Merida asked. "A dragon?"

"It's Grindheart," said Grim.

"What is he doing here?" Hiccup asked, surprised.

The Whispering Death landed in the courtyard with the rest of the dragons.

"What are you doing here, Grindheart?" Grim asked the dragon. "Did you fly all day behind us?"

"**Yes, I did and it was not pleasant,**" Grindheart hissed. "**I thought you could use all the help you can get.**"

Another roar caught their attention. The stars were blocked out by something very large.

"That's not one of our dragons," said Hiccup, taking a step back.

The other dragons prepared for a fight.

"I know that voice," Grim quietly said.

"You do?" asked Hiccup.

"**I brought a friend,**" said Grindheart.

A reddish-brown Timberjack landed. "**Greetings, Grim,**" the dragon said.

"I remember you," said Grim. "Princess, would you be so kind to tell your parents and ours that more dragons have arrived to help?"

Merida didn't like being bossed around, but if it meant help, she

would do it.

As soon as she was gone, Grim spoke quickly. "I met the Timberjack not long after I came to Berk. He was only passing through. We spoke little, but he said he would return to Berk."

"Why is he here?" asked Hiccup.

"**To help,**" replied the Timberjack. "**Perhaps you can use a Timberjack to help. I am willing to help.**"

"**We are grateful for the help,**" Grim said.

The Vikings, the royals, and the lords came out to see the new arrivals.

"Grindheart?" Fishlegs cried. "What is he doing here? He would have had to travel during the day. Whispering Deaths don't like bright light."

Hiccup looked at the Timberjack. "I think I know how."

"So how?" asked Astrid.

"Well, the Timberjack is large enough," said Hiccup. "It could glide while Grindheart was shielded from the sun by its wings."

"**That's what we did,**" said the Timberjack, giving a nod.

"That's what they did," said Grim. "Now we have two more dragons to help."

Grindheart hissed and hid in the shadows. The Timberjack on the other hand moved into the light.

The triplets ran out to get a close look at the two new dragons. They ran up to the Timberjack to pet him.

"No!" yelled Grim, grabbing two of them by the collars and pulling them back.

Hiccup managed to catch the other. "Don't touch his wings. You'll cut yourselves. And Grindheart isn't one to be petted unless he wants to be."

"Now that we know what all the commotion was all about." Stoick turned to go back inside.

"Aren't you going to do something about the dragons?" Lord Macintosh asked.

"There is nothing to do," said Stoick. "The dragons will be fine. Grim, they're in your care."

Grim nodded, staying out with the dragons as everyone else went inside.

"**Now that everyone's inside, we can talk.**" Grim turned to the Timberjack. "**What is your name?**"

"**Axewing,**" replied the Timberjack.

"**Welcome, Axewing,**" said Toothless. "**Thank you for bringing Grindheart here.**"

"**We need all the help we can get,**" said Deathshriek.

Axewing snorted in agreement and settled down to sleep.

The other dragons followed Axewing's example. Grim settled down underneath Deathshriek's wing.

"**You have a bed under a roof,**" Deathshriek pointed out to Grim.

"**I know,**" was Grim's reply.

* * *

><p>Another chapter finished. The next chapter should be posted later this week. Thank you for everyone who has reviewed and favored and followed it so far. This is turning out to be bigger than the Light and Shadow series that I created for Code: LYOKO. If you are a Code: LYOKO fan and are interested in seeing more of my original characters, check that series out. The next story is going to be focused on the Defenders of Berk series. I had decided to do an experiment to see if I could somehow write in Grim to the series and see how seamless it would be. It'll be close to the episodes, giving anyone who hasn't been able to watch the episodes to get a good idea what happened during the second season.

3. Chapter 3

So I'm a little disappointed that I got no reviews for the last chapter. Maybe you can make it up to me? Please review at the end of the chapter and still no one has let me know if they wanted to do a fan art for my cover art.

* * *

><p>Merida woke the next morning and decided to try to find the Vikings. She went outside to where the dragons were staying. Hiccup and Grim were sitting out with their dragons after their morning flight. The other riders were making sure their dragons were fed and played with.<p>

Merida came up beside them and looked at their clothes. Hiccup had a leather vest on with some light armor on his shoulders. He still wore his green shirt and brown pants. Grim was dressed in blue and black, the fabric reminding Merida of Deathshriek's scales.

"Do you want to go for a ride?" asked Merida. "I can show you the kingdom."

"You don't have a dragon," said Hiccup.

"I have a horse," said Merida. "Angus can keep up with your dragons."

Hiccup and Grim looked at each other.

"I have a better idea," said Hiccup. "I don't know if Astrid would appreciate it, but would you like to go for a ride on Toothless?"

Merida's eyes widened. "You would let me ride him?"

"Why don't we all go?" asked Grim. "All the dragons could use the exercise. Besides, we all need to know the lay of the land."

Hiccup looked at Merida. "Is that okay?"

"Aye, Grim's right," said Merida.

"Hey, guys!" Hiccup called. "We're going to do a flyover of the area."

"Aw," groaned Snotlout and the twins.

"Merida is going to show us," Hiccup added, getting his cousin's approval.

"She can ride with me," said Snotlout.

Grim cut in before there was any fighting. "She'll ride with Hiccup. Or she can ride with Astrid. It is her choice."

"Why can't she ride with me?" whined Snotlout.

"Because, Snotlout, she cannot be bothered by your boasting while she is navigating us," Grim added with some bite to his voice.

Merida turned to Grim. "I can't ride with you?"

Grim was a little surprised. "Deathshriek doesn't have a saddle. We've never flown with one."

"Then how did you learn to ride him?" asked Merida.

"Trial and error," replied Grim. "A lot of error."

"I'll ride with Hiccup," said Merida, a little disappointed.

Hiccup gave her a smile. "It's just safer with a saddle. We don't want you falling off when we're in the air."

"More comfortable, too," Astrid added, remembering when they first started riding and didn't have saddles.

They saddled up and took the sky. Merida was riding with Hiccup on Toothless with Astrid and Stormfly on one side and Grim and Deathshriek on the other. The others followed behind with Ember-Ash deciding to come with them. The smaller Nightmare flew on Deathshriek's opposite side, growling and warbling to the blue and black dragon.

Merida looked over at the sound. "Are they going to start a fight?" she asked nervously.

Hiccup glanced over. "No. They're just talking."

"They have a lot to talk about," said Merida.

Grim kept his eyes in front of him and his mouth closed, but he listened to the conversation.

"**The dragons haven't raided this area,**" Ember-Ash was saying. "**We started farther south and began making our way north. It won't be long before we will start raiding here. I have been gone for over a month. I don't know what the damage is or how many dragons are still left to serve the Queen.**"

"**You mean the Death,**" Deathshriek hissed angrily. "**She is no queen if she slaughters her own. She is a monster who must be stopped.**"

Grim patted Deathshriek's head, emitting a low sound in his throat, careful not to let Merida overhear it.

Deathshriek sighed. "**Forgive me, Grim. I did not mean to become upset.**"

Another pat to the head let Deathshriek know that he was forgiven.

Hookfang caught up with Ember-Ash. "**Is there anything else you can tell us?**"

"**What about the dragons who live here? Fishlegs will want to know all he can,**" said Meatlug.

Ember-Ash let out a groan of understanding. "**Well, there are the usual, Nightmares, Nadders, a few Zipplebacks. Gronkles can be found in mass on the cliffs. We don't have any Thunder Drums to speak of and what Scauldrons we have are few. There are groups of Terrors and Creeping Shadows.**"

"**Creeping Shadows?**" asked Barf.

"**What are those?**" asked Belch.

"**They are an interesting bunch,**" said Ember-Ash. "**They tend to be all black with slender bodies and massive wings compared to their size. They like to grab a hold of things and creep like shadows on the ground or on trees. They have two tails and four eyes.**"

"**Sneaks?**" Stormfly chirped.

Ember-Ash grunted the affirmative.

Toothless jerked under Hiccup and Merida.

"What's wrong, bud?" Hiccup asked.

"**Trouble,**" Deathshriek hissed lowly. He screeched. "**Dragons of the Death! Break away and fly to safety! The call! The call!**"

"Back to the castle now!" roared Grim.

Deathshriek shrieked as loudly as he could, the blue markings on his face turning white as he reeled in the air.

The dragons turned around and started flying back to Castle Dunbroch.

"What's going on?" Merida cried, hanging onto Hiccup.

"I don't know! Hold on!" Hiccup flexed his prosthetic to adjust Toothless' tailfin. They turned away from the other riders. Hiccup saw Deathshriek and Grim slowly bringing up the rear, Grim looking behind them. "Grim! What's going on?"

Pure blue eyes were hard and dark when they fixed themselves on Hiccup. "Get back to the castle now!"

Hiccup urged Toothless to follow the others, who were almost now out of sight.

A shadow passed over them. Merida looked up and screamed. Hiccup looked up as well and yelled. Something large and black was descending on them.

A shot of blue fire caught the attacking dragon broadside and it reeled around to face Deathshriek and Grim. Deathshriek's face looked like a skull. His teeth were bared and his eyes were burning blue. Grim looked as threatening, his black hair flying wildly in his face.

Toothless flew away and he and his riders got their first good look at their attacker. It was the largest Nightmare they ever saw. It was all black with yellow and brown eyes. A few gaps in its scales showed scar tissue.

"Oh, my," breathed Merida. "We have got to get out of here."

"Right," said Hiccup.

"Go, you two," said Grim. "We'll handle this."

"Not alone, you won't," said Hiccup.

Deathshriek tumbled out of the way of the Nightmare's fiery breath.

"Go! You have Merida to worry about!" Grim shouted.

Hiccup nodded. "Let's go, Toothless."

The Night Fury was a little reluctant to leave them behind.

"What are you doing?" Merida shouted in Hiccup's ear. "You can't be serious."

"I don't want to leave them to fight that thing alone, but he's right, I have you to worry about," Hiccup countered. "Your parents will never forgive us if something happens to you."

"I decide my own fate!" Merida cried. "If I want to die in battle, that's my choice."

Hiccup sighed. Toothless grunted. Rider and dragon made eye contact.

Hiccup turned around to Merida with a smile. "You sure you're not a Viking?"

Merida smiled herself.

Hiccup tugged hard on the saddle and Toothless banked hard, racing back to where they left Grim and Deathshriek.

Grim was steering for Deathshriek. Both had been in dragon fights before on the ground and in the air, but never against a dragon so large. It made Hookfang look like a hatchling.

"**It's old and angry,**" Deathshriek said.

"**I noticed,**" grunted Grim. His skin was raw in a few places where the Nightmare's flames caught him. "**We need to get him to back off so we can hide.**"

The Nightmare lit itself on fire.

A howling roar came from behind the Nightmare.

"Toothless, plasma blast!"

A burst of purple hit the Nightmare.

"Hiccup!" roared Grim. "I told you to get out of here!"

"Not without you!" Hiccup shouted back.

Grim growled in irritation. "Deathshriek, fire!"

Deathshriek fired blue flames directly in the Nightmare's face.

"Now dive!" Grim ordered.

The two dragons dove for the cover of the trees.

The Nightmare struggled to see. It shook its head, looked around, and then flew off.

In the thick trees, Grim was watching. He turned and went back to the group.

"It's gone," Grim told them.

They all sighed.

Grim looked at Hiccup and Merida. "You two are very foolish. You risked your own lives for nothing."

Merida gave him an indignant look. "If it wasn't for us, you would still be fighting that beast. You could be dead right now if we

hadn't come back."

"You don't know that," said Grim. "Deathshriek and I know how to fight dragons. We would have gotten away without help."

"You don't know that," Merida parroted. "Be grateful we came back."

Grim turned to Hiccup.

Hiccup flinched.

"**Don't blame him, Grim,**" Toothless said. "**They both have a point. And I was worried about you, too. Strength in numbers.**"

Deathshriek grunted in agreement.

Grim let out a heavy sigh and sat down on a fallen tree. "We're safe for now."

Hiccup looked carefully at Grim and noticed the scales of his clothes were slightly charred. "Are you okay?"

Grim looked at his clothes. "I'm fine. Just a scorch. Deathshriek?"

Deathshriek grunted again to let Grim know he was fine.

"What was that back there?" asked Merida. "I didn't know your dragon could make such a horrible sound."

"Deathshriek does much more," said Grim. "As does Toothless."

"Every dragon has its special ability," said Hiccup. "Night Furies are known for their speed. Baleful Banshees are able to breathe blue fire and shriek. But why did Deathshriek scream like that? That wasn't his usual warning."

"I think he heard the Death and he was trying to cover up the call it was using to stop it from controlling our dragons," replied Grim.

"Smart beastie," Merida said.

Grim jumped to his feet.

"What?" asked Hiccup.

Grim pointed behind them. There was a little blue flame hovering near the ground.

"A wisp," breathed Merida.

Toothless tried to pounce on it.

"No!" cried Merida.

"Toothless, leave it alone!" Hiccup called.

Toothless paid no attention to any of them as he continued to chase the wisp around. He thought he caught it, but when he lifted his paws, he found them empty. He grunted in displeasure. Toothless looked up. He was in a small clearing with a door in the hillside.

"Toothless!" Hiccup yelled.

The others caught up with the Night Fury.

"Don't run off like that," Hiccup panted. "What were you chasing anyway?"

"It was a will of the wisp," said Merida. Her eyes widened. "I know where we are."

"Where?" asked Hiccup.

"This is the witch's cottage," Merida said.

Grim gave the cottage a dark look.

"Come on," said Merida. "Maybe she's home."

Hiccup whipped around to her. "Are you crazy?"

Merida walked up to the door.

Hiccup grabbed Merida by the arm. "I'm not going in there. Why are we getting help from a witch?"

Merida jerked her arm away. She opened the door.

"I didn't think you would be here again, princess," said the old woodcarver.

"I didn't think I would be back here either," said Merida. "I brought friends."

Hiccup and Grim looked into the cottage.

The witch looked at them. "If you see anything you like, let me know."

Hiccup looked at the bear carvings. "You made all these?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the witch.

"Wow," said Hiccup. He picked up a little bear carving that looked very real. "I didn't know you could do this with wood. My dad carves, but not like this."

"Do you carve, dearie?" the witch asked.

"No, I work with metal," replied Hiccup. He lifted up his prosthetic.

"Oh," said the witch. "It is excellent craftsmanship. Did you make it yourself?"

"Not this one," said Hiccup. "I tinkered with this one a little bit."

The witch turned to Grim. "And do you work with metal or wood, boy?"

"My craft is neither," said Grim. "It is scale."

The witch frowned. She then took a closer look at Grim's clothing. "Dragon scales?"

Grim nodded.

"Not an easy medium to work with," said the witch. "It certainly takes skill."

"There is something you can help us with," said Merida.

The witch whirled around to her. "Didn't you learn your lesson the first time, princess? I will not give you another spell."

"It's not a spell I'm looking for, it's information," said Merida.

The witch frowned.

Merida explained. "It's about the dragon attacks."

"And what do you think I know about these dragons attacks?" asked the witch.

"Where the Death lives," Grim answered.

The witch turned to him.

"You know these lands," said Grim. "If the princess here isn't sure where it would be, maybe you would."

"We're only asking for information," said Hiccup. "Not a miracle. Or a spell."

The witch thought for a moment. "Out." She started to shoo them out of the cottage.

Toothless and Deathshriek looked at the old woman and let out warning growls.

"Oh, shush!" said the witch. She did a double take. She turned to the boys. "You rode those beasts here?"

"Yes," the riders replied in unison.

The witch walked over to Toothless and began inspect his saddle and tailfin. She turned to Hiccup. "Did you make this?"

"Yes," said Hiccup. "I'm a bit of an inventor back home. I grew up working in the forge."

The witch inspected the two dragons before coming to a decision. She

walked over to the cottage and opened the door. "Never conjure where you carve," she called.

Hiccup and Grim looked at each other.

"I thought you weren't going to do any spells," Hiccup said.

"You'll need one!" the witch called. "Or two, at the very least."

Merida, Hiccup, and Grim followed the witch back inside.

The witch was standing at her cauldron, throwing ingredients in and stirring with a large wooden spoon. "You'll need to be sneaky. Dragons aren't stupid."

"Not by any means," said Grim.

The witch nodded. "Your dragons look like capable beasts."

"The Night Fury is said to be the offspring of lightning and death itself," Hiccup said. "Toothless is the fastest dragon on Berk."

"A shadow like that has to be quiet." The witch looked at Hiccup's prosthetic. "Unlike his rider."

Hiccup looked down at his prosthetic. "I know what you mean. I'm not that graceful either."

"And you, boy," the witch said to Grim. "What about your dragon?"

"Baleful Banshees have the ability to completely disappear. They sing and breathe blue fire," said Grim.

"Disappear?" The witch smiled. "A useful skill. It is a skill worthy of someone like yourself."

The witch stood over the cauldron, throwing different herbs and liquids in. She gave it a final stir. "It's finished."

"What's finished?" asked Merida.

The witch whipped around to them. "For you, girl, nothing. For them." She smiled. "You first, blacksmith."

"Me?" Hiccup backed up and tripped over the witch's broom. He landed hard on his butt.

A croaky laugh sounded above them. "You should see your face," the witch's crow said.

Hiccup's mouth opened in surprise.

The witch had her wooden spoon in her hands. She shoved the spoon in his mouth and forced him to swallow whatever it was she concocted. Hiccup gagged.

"Oh, it's not that bad," said the witch.

Hiccup coughed. "What did you do to me?"

"Just a little help you'll need," said the witch. She turned back to the cauldron and snapped her fingers. The contents disappeared and she began making something else.

"What did you do to him?" demanded Merida.

"Give it ten minutes to kick in," said the witch.

Grim growled. "What did you give my brother?" The question sound more like a dragon's snarl.

The witch actually took a step back. "It'll keep him from making so much noise with that metal foot of his."

Grim and Merida turned to Hiccup.

"Hiccup, how are you feeling?" Merida asked.

"Fine," replied Hiccup. "I want to get the taste out of my mouth."

"You tell me if you start feeling strange," Grim ordered, a growl still lacing his voice.

The witch finished her second brew. "This one's for you." She held the wooden spoon out to Grim.

Grim turned to Hiccup. It had been more than ten minutes and the young Viking was still breathing. "And what will it do?"

The witch grinned and forced the spoon into Grim's mouth.

Grim gagged, but he swallowed the brew.

Merida put a hand on Grim's shoulder. "Are you all right?"

"That should do it," said the witch.

"But what did you do?" Merida asked, becoming very annoyed.

"They will need to be as sneaky as their dragons to do this," said the witch. "I gave you their gifts."

They frowned.

The witch turned to Grim. "What does your dragon do?"

"He can become invisible," said Grim.

The witch smiled. She turned to Hiccup. "And your dragon is able to sneak up on prey. And let's face it; you can't do that with that clunky leg. All I did was give you invisibility and the ability to walk silently."

"How long will the potion last?" asked Hiccup.

"For life," said the witch. "Don't worry. It's safe. And whenever you need a new leg, lad, you can make whatever you want and still be able

to move soundlessly as a shadow when you want. Now, go on. Everyone is probably missing you three."

She pushed them out of the cottage and slammed the door behind them.

Merida turned to them. "Are you sure you're all right?"

"I feel fine, princess," said Grim.

"I don't think she would hurt us just because she could," said Hiccup. "Bad for business. And she is in danger just as much as the rest of us from these dragons. But she is right. We do need to get back to the castle."

Hiccup and Merida got on Toothless and Grim got on Deathshriek.

"**Are you all right?**" Deathshriek asked. "**I can smell something unnatural on you and Hiccup. Merida, too, but mostly you boys. What happened in there?**"

"**Even I don't know,**" Grim replied quietly.

The two dragons flew back to the castle where the other riders were getting ready to go out on a search for them.

"Merida!" Fergus and Elinor called.

"Hiccup! Grim!" Stoick said, running over to his sons. "Are you all right?"

"We're fine, Dad," said Hiccup.

"Where were you?" Elinor demanded.

"We had to wait to be sure it was safe before we flew back," said Grim. "That Nightmare was old and violent."

Elinor turned to Hiccup. "Why did your dragon not fly back? It is the fastest of them, is he not?"

"Mum, I told Hiccup to go back," said Merida. "I didn't want Grim and Deathshriek fighting alone."

Elinor glared at Hiccup. "And you listened?"

"She's the princess," spluttered Hiccup.

Stoick rested his hand on Hiccup's shoulder. "I think you two should go to your rooms."

Hiccup and Grim nodded and went inside.

The other riders caught up with them.

"What happened?" Astrid asked.

"Any new scars?" asked Tuffnut.

"They both look to be in one piece," Ruffnut said, disappointed.

"That Nightmare was huge!" said Fishlegs.

"Ah, Hookfang could take it," Snotlout said.

"Guys!" Hiccup called to quiet them. "We're okay. We hid in the trees until we were sure the Nightmare was gone."

"Did Grim talk to it?" asked Fishlegs.

"If he did, he didn't tell me," said Hiccup. "Ask him."

They turned and found Grim gone.

Grim decided to slip away quietly. He went up to his room.

A few minutes later there was a knock on the door.

"Come in," said Grim.

Hiccup opened the door. "You okay?"

"As okay as I can be," said Grim.

Hiccup came in and closed the door behind him. "Is this about what happened at the witch's cottage?"

Grim nodded. "We don't know what she did to us."

"But she said she didn't do anything to hurt us," Hiccup pointed out.

"That doesn't mean anything," said Grim. "And the way she knew Princess Merida." He shook his head. "The princess has been there before."

There was another knock on the door.

Hiccup and Grim looked at each other.

"Come in," Grim called.

"I hope I'm not intruding on anything," Merida said, peering around the door.

"No, you are not, princess," said Grim.

"You can call me Merida. We're alone, after all." Merida crossed the room to sit down in a chair. "I wanted to speak to you about what happened today."

"The witch knew you, Merida," said Grim.

Merida flinched. "Aye, I know the witch. She gave me a spell before."

Merida told them what happened not very long ago with the games and her mother being turned into a bear and the fight against

Mor'du.

Hiccup and Grim stared at her when she finished her story.

"And I thought I had it rough with the Death," said Hiccup.

"I think your adventure with the Death is better than mine," said Merida.

"Even so, you were very brave," said Grim. "It takes courage to stand up for yourself and even more to admit and rectify a mistake."

Merida smiled. "I better go. My mother will have a fit if she can't find me."

"So should I," said Hiccup. "Dad will be roaring like Thornado if I'm not in my room."

Merida and Hiccup left the room.

Grim went to the window and looked down in the courtyard. The dragons were gathered round Toothless and Deathshriek, who were probably telling them what had happened.

There was knock on the door.

"Did you forget something, Hiccup?" Grim called with a laugh.

The door opened. "Grim, is this a good time?"

Grim whirled around. "Your highness!"

Elinor was standing in the doorway. "I wanted to thank you for protecting my daughter."

"I did little, your highness," said Grim, lowering his head.

"You and your brother saved her life," Elinor said. "I am sorry was angry with you."

"You have nothing to apologize for," Grim said. "Not to me, at least. If you believe you need to apologize to someone, apologize to Hiccup."

"Yes, I should," said Elinor. She looked Grim over. "Grim, there is something very familiar about you. You told me you were adopted by Chief Stoick. How long ago was that?"

"A few months, your highness," replied Grim.

"What happened to your family?" asked Elinor.

Grim stiffened. "I rather not talk about it, your highness."

"I see," said Elinor. "It is just that you act like nobility. You come from a good family?"

Grim nodded.

"I will leave you be." Elinor left the room.

Grim felt like he was about to be sick. He lay down on the bed and curled into a ball, his arms around his stomach. He wanted nothing more than to run downstairs and tell Deathshriek to fly back to the island they spent two years on together.

* * *

><p>Yeah, the witch is back. And what did you think of that Nightmare? I had to have some sort of scary replacement for Mor'du. And Queen Elinor is definitely on to Grim's secret past. We'll see how much longer he'll be able to hold on to that secret.

4. Chapter 4

Special thanks to MrColorado for saying this Dragons: Riders of Berk fan fiction he has ever read. I'm glad I can compete with all the thousands of stories out there. This series has really taken off. I can't recall checking the traffic and seeing as many visitors reading my stories and I only started this series last month. Review!

* * *

><p>The next morning was uneventful. The Vikings went flying with their dragons and came back to lunch.<p>

Grim was very quiet, only speaking in hushed tones to Deathshriek. He told the dragon what happened yesterday and what he wanted to do more than anything.

"**If you want, we will go back when this is over,**" Deathshriek cooed. "**The Sunsetters will be missing you terribly.**"

Grim smiled for the first time all day. He missed the Sunsetters and the Shooting Stars as well. He missed how the Sharp Class dragons thronged around him to see he was bathed and fed. They loved how he would tell them how beautiful they were. The Shooting Stars would dance around him, teaching him the steps and dancing with him.

Deathshriek began singing one of Grim's favorite lullabies. He lay down and let Grim sit with his back against his side.

Merida came out with the triplets.

Fishlegs turned to them. "What can we do for you, your highnesses?"

"The boys wanted to see the dragons and my mum didn't want them out here by themselves with them," Merida answered.

Barf and Belch lowered their heads down to the triplets. They were amazed that there could be triplets and identical triplets at that. Yes, they knew twins were possible since their riders were twins, but they could tell them apart.

"That Zippleback sure likes your brothers, highness," Gobber said, coming up behind Merida.

"Aye," said Merida. "Do you think they could get a ride?"

Stoick came over as well. "Now would not be safe. Once the Death is gone, your brothers can ride with my sons and me."

Merida turned to Thornado. "Your dragon looks threatening, Chief Stoick."

"Ah, Thornado is a mighty warrior," said Stoick. "But I've seen his gentle side. He cares for others. That's how I met him. He was helping his wounded friend by protecting it and stealing fish to make sure it didn't starve."

Stoick waved Thornado over. The Thunder Drum walked over and looked at the princess. Merida carefully held her hand out to him.

"No need to be nervous, princess," said Stoick. He took her hand and placed it on Thornado's nose. "See?"

Merida smiled.

The triplets came over to Thornado. One of them tried to climb up on him.

"Harris, no!" Merida picked her brother up. "Sorry, Thornado."

The Thunder Drum gave a grunt and a nod.

Merida was surprised by the gesture.

Gobber laughed. "You're learning, princess. Dragons are smarter than you give them credit for."

"Training them helps as well," said Stoick.

A loud roar shattered the tranquility of the afternoon. It was clearly a dragon roar.

The riders immediately went to their dragons.

Astrid turned to Grim, who had a wild look in his eyes. "Grim, what's going on?"

"It's a raid!" Stoick shouted.

Stoick and Gobber knew a dragon raid when they heard one.

Hiccup got onto Toothless only to be pulled off by Stoick.

"I want you to stay here," said Stoick.

"What? Dad, I can fight!" argued Hiccup.

"I don't want you to get hurt," Stoick said calmly.

"Dad, this isn't like the raids back home," said Hiccup. "I can fight. I have Toothless."

The other riders were in the air.

Hiccup pointed up to the other riders. "How come they get to fight and I don't? You know I can fight."

Gobber came over to them. "Stoick, he's right."

Stoick sighed heavily. "Stay close to us."

Hiccup nodded. "I will." He got back up on Toothless and they took to the sky.

"What was that about?" Astrid called to Hiccup.

"Nothing," Hiccup said. "Let's just focus on the dragons."

Seconds later, the Death's dragons flew into firing range. Among them were Nadders, Gronkles, and Nightmares, including the black Nightmare that had attacked them yesterday.

Stoick and Gobber flew up on Thornado.

"Drive them back!" Stoick ordered. "We cannot let them near the castle."

"Got it!" the others said.

They all engaged the dragons. Hiccup and Toothless flew around, Toothless firing his plasma blasts and the Death's dragons to drive them back. Astrid had Stormfly fire her spines to wound the dragons. Ruffnut and Tuffnut had Barf and Belch creating large explosions to disorient them. Meatlug swooped down and picked up a boulder to turn into a fiery projectile. Snotlout had Hookfang fire a jet of flames at several Gronkles.

Ember-Ash, Axewing, and Grindheart added their own strength to the fight. Axewing kept close to Thornado, swooping down to cut the dragons the Thunder Drum disoriented with his sonic blast.

Grindheart stayed close to the ground and fired his spines up at the dragons who came to close along with several flame rings. He burrowed into the earth when a Nadder tried to burn him. The Nadder landed beside the hole and shot its fire down the hole. Grindheart let out a scream of pain.

The Nadder was knocked aside by a flaming dragon. Ember-Ash bared his teeth and challenged the Nadder. The Nadder screeched and accepted the challenge.

Grim and Deathshriek were focusing on the black Nightmare. It snarled at them. Deathshriek turned his facial markings white and shrieked back.

"**Why do you fight us?**" the Baleful Banshee demanded. "**Why serve your Queen?**"

The black Nightmare roared. "**The Queen is strong. One dragon cannot defeat her.**"

"**There must be more than one of you who wish to see her gone,**" said Deathshriek. "**Look around. There must be others who hate serving her.**"

"**And who will help me in this endeavor? Fire Bloods, Stone Lovers, Vanities, and Sneaks can only do so much against her.**"

"**What about Enigmas, Chaos Bringers, and Sea Roamers?**" asked Deathshriek. "**Here you have a Night Fury who has defeated a Queen, a Death, before. It can be done. It has been done with less dragons.**"

"**It can be done if we work together,**" Grim added in.

The black Nightmare turned to Grim, astonished the human could understand them and speak to them.

"**Don't you want to live in peace?**" asked Grim.

The black Nightmare snorted. "**Peace is unobtainable for dragons who live near humans.**"

Grim's face fell. He knew it was true.

"**But freedom is as rich a prize,**" the black Nightmare added.

They turned to the battle before them.

"**If we don't bring back something, we will be punished,**" said the black Nightmare.

Grim nodded.

"**And I don't want to be accused of conspiring with the enemy,**" the black Nightmare continued.

The dragons and rider exchanged looks.

"**Let's make this look good,**" said Deathshriek.

The black Nightmare grunted in response. It lit itself on fire and came at Deathshriek and Grim. Grim held on as tight as he could. Deathshriek barrel-rolled out of the path of the black Nightmare and dove down.

Another dragon saw them fighting and went after Grim and Deathshriek.

"**This one is mine!**" the black Nightmare roared at the rich blue Nadder who was going after Grim and Deathshriek.

"**It doesn't matter,**" said the Nadder. "**I'm hungry!**"

Grim turned and saw the Nadder was starved and willing to eat a human or even another dragon. "**We need to disappear!**" he yelled to Deathshriek.

Deathshriek began looking for cover he could use to drop Grim in and

then turn invisible.

Grim thought about disappearing. Invisibility was Deathshriek's greatest weapon. He wished he could disappear like his dragon.

Grim looked down at his hands that were gripping tightly to Deathshriek's neck. Or he tried to. He couldn't see his hands or any other part of him.

"**Deathshriek, disappear now!**" Grim ordered.

Deathshriek immediately turned invisible, recognizing the urgency in Grim's tone.

The starved Nadder and black Nightmare came to a stop.

"**Where did they go?**" the Nadder roared, irritated that it couldn't catch its prey.

The black Nightmare was shocked, but relieved they escaped. "**I don't know. Let's gather what we can get back to the Queen. We have kept her waiting long enough.**"

The black Nightmare flew away and the starved Nadder followed shortly after.

Grim and Deathshriek reappeared on the ground.

"**Grim?**" Deathshriek felt his friend slide off his back. He turned to him. "**What happened? How did they not see you?**"

Grim flickered between visibility and invisibility.

Deathshriek gasped and put his face to Grim, nuzzling him in concern.

"**I'm not hurt,**" Grim said.

"**How is this possible?**" Deathshriek asked.

"**The witch. She gave Hiccup and me something that gave us your abilities. Mine was invisibility and Hiccup's was silence.**"

Deathshriek fussed over Grim for a few more moments before the other riders found them.

"Are you okay?" Hiccup asked them.

"We're fine," Grim replied, giving Deathshriek a final pat on the nose. "We had a close call."

"I'll certainly say," said Gobber. "How did you get away?"

"Deathshriek only had to wait for the right moment," said Grim. "We disappeared. The Nadder and the black Nightmare couldn't find us."

"Why didn't you fight?" asked Snotlout. "Hookfang and I could have

easily beaten that Nightmare."

"The Nightmare wasn't your opponent," Grim said darkly.

"Let's head back," said Stoick. "We need to see what the damage is back at the castle."

They went back and found that a few dragons had slipped by them and stole livestock.

Fishlegs looked around. "Nothing we haven't dealt with before."

"That's good," said Hiccup.

"Hopefully we can put an end to this before they're eaten out of house and home," said Stoick.

"It will be," said Grim.

They looked at Grim. It didn't take a smart Viking to see the dragon speaker was forming a plan.

Stoick saw Fergus. "Any casualties, your highness?"

"None," replied Fergus. "It could have been much worse. Thank you for helping us."

Grim took Hiccup by the arm. "I need to speak to you in private."

"Let's help with the cleanup," said Stoick. "Gobber, Hiccup, weapons repair."

"We'll speak later," Grim whispered to Hiccup.

"Let's go, Hiccup," said Gobber.

The two of them went to the forge.

The rest of the riders helped with cleaning up the mess the dragons made.

"No one's dead and none of the dragons are severely injured," said Astrid.

"I'd say this is a good day," said Fishlegs.

"Yeah," said Tuffnut. "We sure showed those other dragons who's boss."

Ruffnut cackled beside him.

Snotlout looked over at Grim. "I still say we could have taken that Nightmare."

Grim stayed quiet.

Merida came out to see them. "Is everyone all right?"

Snotlout sauntered up to her. "I'm fine, princess. What do you say to dinner after sunset? We can take Hookfang out for a ride."

Merida backed away from Snotlout. "No, thank you."

"Leave her alone, Snotlout," Grim said, not turning from what he was doing.

Snotlout turned. "Oh, and you think you have a chance?" he sneered.

"Snotlout, the difference between us is that when I wish to obtain something, I do not go displaying myself like a prized pig."

"Hey!" Snotlout stomped over to Grim.

Ruffnut called out, "You do remember what happened to Dagur, don't you?"

Snotlout stopped and paled.

Grim looked over his shoulder at Snotlout.

Snotlout smiled and let out a nervous laugh. "Never mind." He went back to helping to helping Fishlegs move a fallen beam.

Astrid walked over to Merida. "Sorry about him, princess. He thinks he's Odin's gift to women."

"I know what you mean," Merida said in a soft voice. She tilted her head in the direction of the young lords.

"That bad?" Astrid asked.

"Well, Young Macintosh is similar to your friend in the sense that he believes ladies swoon at his feet all the time," Merida said. "It's true; I just don't."

Astrid smiled. "I think you and I will get along very well."

"What's it like?" asked Merida.

"What's what like?" asked Astrid.

"Being a dragon rider," Merida said. "You get to fly all day, go wherever you please."

"It's not all fun and games," said Astrid. "Sure, we have fun, but we are trained warriors. We have to defend our home from the Outcasts and other tribes, even other dragons. We used to fight against all dragons. Hiccup was the first Viking to befriend a dragon. He and Toothless have been inseparable since."

"You like Hiccup?" asked Merida.

Astrid blushed. "Yeah. I used to think he was a useless fishbone. But he's smart and sweet."

"And the chief's son," Merida added.

"That doesn't mean anything to me," said Astrid. "I didn't fall in love with him because of his status."

Merida smiled at that. "What about Grim?"

Astrid sighed. "Grim is as mysterious as his dragon. He has his talents. He lived on an island inhabited by dragons for two years. He knows all sorts of things the rest of us don't."

"Do you know where he came from?" asked Merida. "There's something about him that reminds me of nobility."

Astrid shrugged. "All we know is that he was thrown out of his tribe. We don't know anything else about him. Honestly, I'm not sure he's Viking blood."

Merida's eyes widened.

"Yeah," Astrid said with a nod. "But whatever love he had for his people died when they banished him. He cares more about dragons than he does people. They probably didn't notice I saw how Grim was coming this far south. I've never seen Grim afraid before, but that was the closest I've seen him be."

"Do you think he'll open up to me?" asked Merida.

Astrid shrugged. "It's worth a shot. Who knows, he may even tell you a secret he was very reluctant to tell us."

Merida frowned.

"It's not for me to tell," Astrid said. "You'll have to get him to tell you himself."

* * *

><p>Ruffnut and Tuffnut were busy cleaning up the remains of a storage shed that was raided.<p>

"Shouldn't the Scots be cleaning up their own mess?" asked Tuffnut.

"They should," said Ruffnut. "We've done enough cleaning up after dragon raids."

Some wood fell.

"What was that?" Ruffnut asked.

Tuffnut walked over and moved a piece of wood.

A black form shot out and wrapped around Tuffnut. Tuffnut fell to the ground. "Ruff!" he strained as the form began squeezing the life out of him.

Ruffnut grabbed a piece of wood and started beating the thing that was killing her brother. "I'm the only one who gets to do that!" she yelled, repeatedly hitting the thing.

It let go and scurried away. Ruffnut hit Tuffnut a few more times

with the piece of wood.

The others came running.

"What happened?" cried Astrid.

"It tried to kill me," Tuffnut gasped, getting to his knees. He smiled. "That was fun. You've got to try that, Ruff."

"Let's not," said Astrid.

"What was it?" Fishlegs asked.

A hiss caught their attention. They turned to see two pairs of red eyes staring at them from the shadows.

"What is that?" Snotlout asked.

Grim took a step forward.

"Grim, wait," said Merida.

Grim didn't take his eyes off the red eyes, but he put his hand out to keep the others back. He hissed himself. A warble came from the shadows. Grim mimicked it.

Merida looked at Astrid. "What is he doing?"

"I think he's talking to it," said Ruffnut.

Grim knelt down and held his hand out in front of him.

A black form came out of the shadows. It had a narrow snout, four red eyes, and crawled on its large wings. Its body ended in two long tails. Its body was thin and about three feet long while its wings were double that.

"It's a dragon," said Snotlout.

Astrid turned to Fishlegs. "Did Bork ever write about a dragon like that?"

"Uh-uh," replied Fishlegs. "It's cute though."

Astrid turned back to Grim. The dragon was now sniffing Grim's hand. "Grim, what kind of dragon is that?"

"A Creeping Shadow, a Fear Class dragon," replied Grim.

"What's it saying?" asked Tuffnut.

"Mostly that it's hungry," Grim replied. "Can someone get me a few pieces of fish, preferably fresh?"

"I got it," said Fishlegs. He ran off to find food for the dragon.

Merida stared at Grim. "He's talking to a dragon?"

"That was our reaction at first, too," said Ruffnut. "He's really

good at it."

"I heard Ember-Ash talking about these dragons," said Grim. He scratched the small dragon under its chin. The dragon lay down and closed its eyes. Grim cooed.

Merida took a step forward. "Is it safe?"

Grim turned to her. "As safe as it can be," he answered. "It's starving, hurt, and afraid. As long as no loud noises are made and we don't make sudden movements, it will stay calm."

Astrid knelt down beside Grim. "What can we do?"

"Go tell Stoick," said Grim. "I need it occupied, so I won't examine it until Fishlegs comes back with food."

Astrid nodded and slowly moved away from the dragon, then sprinted off to find Stoick.

Fishlegs hurried back to them with a large fish in his hands. "This is the freshest I could find."

Grim took the fish and placed it in front of the Creeping Shadow.
"***Eat.***"

The Creeping Shadow looked at Grim and then at the fish. It began eating the fish slowly.

Grim took this time to examine the dragon. There were scales missing and scratches all over its body. Grim began running his fingers over the dragon's wings. It yelped when Grim pressed on a wing joint.

"Is it broken?" asked Fishlegs.

"No," replied Grim. "But it won't be flying anytime soon."

Merida continued to watch. The dragon finished its meal and looked at the redhead. Merida cocked her head to the side. The dragon warbled to Grim.

Grim was taken aback.

"What did it say?" asked Merida.

By now the other dragons were gathering around to see what had their riders' attention.

Stormfly chirped with amusement.
"***Well, Grim? Are you going to answer?***"

Grim whipped around to Stormfly.
"***Oh, be quiet!***"

Deathshriek laughed.
"***Royalty or not, she would make a fine mate for you.***"

Grim's growl cracked in embarrassment. The other dragons laughed. The Creeping Shadow was confused.

"***She is not your mate?***" the Creeping Shadow asked.

"**No!**" Grim cried. He turned to Deathshriek and growled threateningly.

"What's going on?"

They turned to Stoick. Behind him was Thornado.

"It's a dragon, Stoick," said Grim. "It's hurt."

Stoick came over to look at the black dragon. He turned to Grim. "What was that outburst about?"

"Nothing," Grim said, turning his face away.

The other dragons laughed. Grim turned to them and snarled again and added a threat to the end of it that silenced the dragons. Grim gave a triumphant smirk.

Clean up continued while Grim tended to the Creeping Shadow with help from Stoick.

* * *

><p>The prized pig comment came to me when I was watching an episode of Defenders of Berk and thought how much of a pig Snotlout looks like. Take off his helmet and do a side by side comparison of Snotlout's face and a picture of one of their wild boars and tell me they don't look related. I am soon leaving for vacation next week and won't be able to post until the week after. I believe I will have this installment of the series done before I leave, but I don't know if I want to start posting the third installment of the series. I'm actually done with the third installment, but just need to go back and proofread everything. I am currently working on a fourth installment that I hope will be a surprise to everyone and inspire them to look into the book series (It's going to be a crossover with a favorite book series of mine that I'm surprised no one else has posted about). When the third installment comes to a closer end, I may tell you what it is.

5. Chapter 5

Originally I was going to have this chapter as part of the previous chapter, but I thought it would be too long. We have a little more interaction with Grim and Merida in this chapter as well as some teasing from the dragons. Review!

* * *

><p>Night came and Grim sat against the castle wall with the Creeping Shadow.<p>

Hiccup quietly approached Grim. "Has it said anything else?"

Grim started. He never heard Hiccup walk up to him. He sighed. "The witch knows her craft. I never heard you."

Hiccup gave a lopsided smile. "Sorry."

"Don't be," said Grim. "This is a new skill that will help you in the future."

Hiccup sat beside Grim and looked at the dragon curled in his lap. The Creeping Shadow had a strained joint in its right wing and it was splinted and wrapped so it could heal. The wing stuck out awkwardly away from Grim.

Hiccup petted the dragon in one long stroke down its back. It stirred, but did not wake.

"We need to name him," said Grim.

"It's male," Hiccup said more as a statement than a question.

Grim nodded. "I already asked what his name is and he said he didn't like it. He asked for a new name."

Hiccup looked at the sleeping dragon. "We could name him Shadow."

Grim shook his head. "Too predictable. We may have to wait. I would like to name him something that will match his personality. Now would not be a good time to judge his character."

"What happened out there today?" asked Hiccup. "One minute you and Deathshriek were fighting that black Nightmare and the next it and a Nadder were flying away."

"I disappeared, Hiccup," said Grim. "Just like Deathshriek."

"The spell the witch put on you?" asked Hiccup.

Grim nodded.

"Are you okay?" Hiccup continued.

"Yes," replied Grim. "It did not hurt. I scared Deathshriek though."

"No kidding." Hiccup looked up at the stars. "This is good. You can follow the dragons back after their next raid."

"Hiccup, one of the dragons doesn't want to obey the Death," said Grim.

"Do they ever?" Hiccup muttered.

"I'm serious," said Grim. "The black Nightmare, I spoke to it. It's like Ember-Ash. It has no will to obey the Death. It will help us."

Hiccup turned to Grim. "You really think it'll help us?"

"Yes." Grim scanned the skies. "It only needs to come to us."

Hiccup went back to looking at the stars. "What do you think about Merida?"

"What do you mean?" asked Grim.

"She's a nice girl," said Hiccup. "I think you two would get along very well if you gave her the chance."

Grim hissed. "First the dragons, now you! I am not interested in the princess."

"That's all you see her as," said Hiccup. "A princess. You don't look at her like a normal person."

"She is the princess," said Grim.

"And a Celt." Hiccup took a close look at Grim. "Is that what's bothering you? Is it because she's a Celt?"

"It's both," said Grim. "I want all ties with my former life gone. I want no connections between royalty or Celts or both." He sighed. "I want to get this over with and go home to Berk."

Hiccup nodded. "I don't want you to miss out on something because it's coming from someone you think you should hate for no reason."

Grim glared at Hiccup.

Hiccup, to his credit, did not flinch. "She isn't the one who banished you." With that, Hiccup got up and walked away.

Grim sat with the Creeping Shadow, rubbing its back.

"**He's right,**" the little dragon said.

"**I did not ask you,**" Grim said.

"**You should. It would make things simpler for you.**"

Grim scowled at the dragon, but he had already closed his eyes and snuggled in for sleep. Grim leaned back against the wall and kept staring at the stars. He wished that a Shooting Star would swoop down and say hello to him.

He heard footsteps coming towards him. Grim turned to see the three young lords walking over to him.

"Yes?" Grim asked.

The young lords looked at the dragons surrounding Grim and the one in his lap.

"They won't bother you," Grim said softly. "This little one is sound asleep."

The young lords came to stand several feet away from Grim in case they needed to flee for their lives.

"Is there something you wish to say to me?" Grim inquired.

Young Macintosh spoke up first. "We want to know what your intentions are to the princess."

Grim looked at the three young men.

"Are you trying to win her heart like the rest of us?" asked Wee Dingwall.

Grim chuckled. "No."

"Then why is she so fascinated with you?" asked Young MacGuffin.

"I do not know," Grim said. "Perhaps you can tell me. I'm just a Viking who is good with dragons. Nothing more. Your chances at the princess' hand are the same as they were before I arrived. I am not competition."

Satisfied with his answer, the young lords left.

Moments later, a set of heavier footsteps approached Grim. This time it was Lord Dingwall.

"My lord, what can I help you with?" Grim asked.

"I know you're lying, boy," Lord Dingwall said.

Grim arched an eyebrow. "About?"

"You're looking for the princess' hand no matter what you say," Lord Dingwall accused. "How can you not? She's beautiful, has power, and if you marry her, you can rule Scotland."

"Is that what you think of me, Lord Dingwall?" Grim asked.

Lord Dingwall was surprised by the icy tone in his voice.

"You think me power hungry?" Grim continued. "I've had my fill of power, my lord. I want nothing more to do with royalty or nobility if I can help it. I am here to help these dragons and your people happen to get the benefit. When this is over, I am going back to Berk."

Lord Dingwall opened his mouth, but quickly closed it again when he saw Deathshriek approaching.

"Good evening to you, dragon rider," Lord Dingwall said and walked away.

"**Did I interrupt something?**" asked Deathshriek.

"**Yes, and I am glad you did,**" said Grim. "**Where is Ember-Ash? I need to speak with him.**"

"**With Hookfang. I will fetch him for you.**" Deathshriek went to get Ember-Ash.

Grim waited for Ember-Ash. As he did, he heard the sound of wood on stone. He did not need to look to see that it was Fergus.

"Yes, your highness?" Grim said.

Fergus was a little surprised. "You heard me coming?"

"Yes, your highness," replied Grim. "The stride and the sound are different, but I know when I hear someone with a prosthetic foot coming."

Fergus sat down beside Grim. He looked at the dragon. "Is that wee thing going to cause us trouble?"

"Doubtful," replied Grim. "They are only doing this to survive. This one was just in the wrong place at the wrong time. He will heal, but it could take time. The wing is not broken and he will fly again, your highness."

"I never thought I would see a dragon in my lifetime and now I've seen a flock of them," Fergus said. He looked at the dragons that were gathered in the courtyard. "They are fascinating creatures."

"Indeed, your highness," Grim said. "They are not so different from us. They have their own language, they have family units until the young are old enough to be on their own, and they look after their friends. Many only see teeth and claws. I see them as friends."

Deathshriek returned with Ember-Ash. The two dragons settled down and waited for Grim and Fergus to be done with their conversation.

"Do you think we'll be able to ride them?" asked Fergus.

"You wish to ride one of them, your highness?" asked Grim.

"Well, I wouldn't mind," said Fergus. "I know the boys and Merida will."

"Stoick said we can take them when the threat has passed," Grim said with a nod. "What does the queen think of this?"

Fergus gave a nervous chuckle. "I haven't told her."

Grim smirked. "Arrangements can be made."

They were quiet for a moment.

Fergus cleared his throat. "What do you think about Merida?"

Grim looked directly ahead of him with a dry expression.

Deathshriek began snickering.

"I think she likes you," said Fergus. "It would be a good political move, uniting the Scots and the Vikings."

"There are several problems with that, your highness," said Grim. "Your daughter is a lovely young woman, but I am not looking for love. She deserves a husband who loves her, not a political move. And I doubt that she will like the idea of a political marriage. Another problem is I am not Chief Stoick's son by blood. I was adopted after I was banished from my tribe."

"Oh," Fergus said. "I see. Well, good talk, then."

Fergus got up and walked away.

"**Not a word,**" Grim hissed to Deathshriek and Ember-Ash.

Deathshriek couldn't keep the amused look from his face.

"**Sorry.**"

"**No, you are not,**" Grim said.

"**What did you want to talk about?**" Ember-Ash asked.

"**I need you to tell me where the Death is,**" said Grim.

Ember-Ash nodded. "**I can do that.**"

"**We have other dragons who are willing to help. Hiccup's beaten a Death before. All we have to do is do it again.**" Grim sighed. "**We should go.**"

"**Go?**" said Deathshriek. "**You were only asking him to tell you, not show.**"

"**This is the best way,**" said Grim. "**If you don't want to come, you don't have to. I can fly on Ember-Ash.**"

"**You are mad!**" Deathshriek roared. "**If you think for one second you will fly to your possible demise on the back of another dragon, you are wrong. You are my friend and bond brother, Grim Frosti. We do not go alone.**"

"Am I interrupting something?"

Grim and the dragons turned to Merida.

"No," replied Grim.

"Are you sure?" Merida asked, slowly coming closer. She kept her eyes on Deathshriek and Ember-Ash. "You sounded like you were having a fight."

"You do not have to worry, princess," said Grim. "They have no reason to attack you." He reached out to put his hand on Deathshriek's nose, but the Baleful Banshee grunted and turned away. Deathshriek walked behind Merida and settled down.

Grim sighed. "What can I do for you, princess?"

"You can start by calling me Merida," she said. "We're alone."

Grim nodded. "Apparently, Merida, several people believe we like each other."

Merida groaned. "Oh, Mum."

"Your father was the one who approached me with it," said Grim.

"What?" cried Merida.

"I said no. The marriage would be purely political and would not work because I am not the son of a chief by birth," Grim continued coldly.

"So you don't like me?" Merida asked. "You're only nice to me because I'm the princess?"

"I never said that," said Grim.

"By your tone one would think you did," said Merida. "Do you like me?"

Grim breathed out through his nose. "If you are asking me to marry you, no."

Merida wrinkled her nose. "I don't want a suitor. I want a friend."

Grim was surprised. He smiled. "Then I will be your friend."

Merida smiled back. She looked at the dragon who had woken up and was staring at them. "What's going to happen to it?"

"He will be fine with rest," said Grim. "It will take some time for the wing to completely heal, but he will fly again."

"He?" asked Merida.

Grim nodded.

Merida petted the Creeping Shadow. "He's cute once you get passed the teeth and claws."

"Yes," Grim said with a chuckle. "They all are."

"**Excuse me,**" Ember-Ash said indignantly. "**I will not be considered cute.**"

Grim laughed. "No, cute doesn't apply to you, Ember-Ash. Terrifying or magnificent would be more fitting."

Merida laughed. "Tell me about the dragons. I want to know all the types."

"You want a story." Grim leaned back. "You know of the classes of dragons. The dragons don't have the same names. What humans call Tidal Class, the dragons call Sea Roamers. Stoker Class is called Fire Bloods, Mystery Class is called Enigmas, Sharp Class is called Vanities, Fear Class is called Sneaks, Boulder Class is called Stone Lovers, and Strike Class is called Chaos Bringers."

"I didn't know dragons thought that way," said Merida.

"Did you think they thought at all?" Grim asked.

Merida opened her mouth, but closed it.

"It's fine," said Grim. "There is a species of dragon called Shooting Star. They are a Stoker Class dragon. They are blue and at night, they can light up their scales so when they fly, it looks like the

stars are moving. They are known for their aerial dances. They showed me their dances before. I may not have wings, but it is good exercise."

"Will you show me?" Merida asked.

"Not now," said Grim. "It is late and I need to be sure the dragons are settled for the night."

"All right," said Merida. "Good night, Grim."

"Good night, Merida." Grim watched her go inside.

"**You are a fool,**" the Creeping Shadow said.

Grim growled at him. He got up and put the Creeping Shadow in the stable near the other dragons.

"**Get some rest,**" Grim told him. He came out of the stable and turned to Deathshriek and Ember-Ash. "**We'll go to the Death tomorrow.**"

* * *

><p>Hiccup waited until he was certain Grim would be asleep. He got out of bed and tiptoed out of his room. Grim was right, his feet made no sound on the floor. He went outside and woke Toothless.<p>

Toothless opened his eyes and grumbled.

"Shh," Hiccup hissed. "Come on, bud. We're going to look for the Death."

Toothless protested as Hiccup got on his back.

"We're not going to fight it. We just need to find it."

Toothless reluctantly took to the sky. Hiccup steered Toothless where they first fought the other dragons.

"We can try to track them back to the where the Death is," Hiccup said. "We can come up with a plan."

Toothless came to a sudden stop and hovered in the air.

"Whoa, easy, boy." Hiccup patted Toothless' head. "What's wrong?"

There was a faint dragon roar.

"It came from that way," Hiccup said, pointing toward the sea.

Toothless wasn't looking at the sea. He was looking down at the ground. He let out a warning growl to Hiccup to alert him.

"What do you see?" Hiccup looked down. All he could see were trees. He thought he saw something moving. "I think we better get out of here."

Toothless agreed. He could see what was down in the trees was large and possibly not friendly. They flew back to the castle.

From below, yellow and brown eyes watched Toothless fly away.

"So much for that," said Hiccup. "I was hoping we could get closer and see where we were going to fight."

Toothless growled, displeased at how close they were to begin with.

Hiccup turned around. "Do you think we can loop around and double back?"

Toothless gave a louder growl of protest.

"Yeah, I guess that's a bad idea," said Hiccup. He patted Toothless on the head. "But I know a certain dragon who can outfly any other dragon, no matter how big or small," he added sweetly.

Toothless didn't fall for Hiccup's smooth talk. He looked forward and kept flying to the castle.

Hiccup looked behind them again. "Toothless, I think you need to fly a little faster. I think something's following us."

Toothless needed no more coaxing and happily sped up, hopefully leaving whatever was following them behind.

* * *

><p>Oh, what lurks in the dark! You may find out what or who it is next chapter if you already haven't figured it out.

6. Chapter 6

And here is the finale of Brave Dragon Trainers. I'm trying to show how prepared the riders are now going up against a Death in comparison to the Death in the first movie. Will history be repeating itself? Review and read the author's note at the end.

* * *

><p>Grim was awakened by a growl at the crack of dawn. He had spent the night in the room he was given. Outside the window was blue and black face.<p>

Grim went outside to see why Deathshriek had woken him up so early. He soon discovered the answer. Sitting with the other dragons was the black Nightmare.

"**Good morning, dragon speaker,**" the black Nightmare greeted.

Grim nodded.

"**I have come to fight against the Death,**" the black Nightmare

declared.

"**Welcome,**" Grim said. "**Your help will be appreciated.**"

Hiccup came out and froze when he saw the black Nightmare talking to Grim. "Grim? Do you want to tell me what is going on?"

They turned to Hiccup.

"We're getting help," Grim said with a smile.

Stoick and Gobber watched from a distance at the dragons. They had been surprised when they saw the black Nightmare.

"Gobber, I want you to stay here," said Stoick. "If something happens, you can return to Berk and tell them."

"Stoick, we've always gone to battle together," said Gobber.

"I need you here, my friend," Stoick said. "You don't have a dragon and Thornado won't be able to maneuver as well with the extra weight." He turned to the Creeping Shadow. "We have wounded. The Scots won't know what to do with that dragon."

Gobber put his hand up. "If you want me to stay here, that's all you need to say. I'll look after the wee dragon. Just make sure you come back."

Grim and Hiccup walked over to Stoick and Gobber.

"The Nightmare told me the dragon Deathshriek and I spoke to on our first visit is dead," Grim said somberly. "Killed by the Death. I do not believe it had time to rally any of the other dragons to help us fight."

Stoick sighed. "We will do what we can with what we have." He put his hand on Grim's shoulder. "I'm sorry about the dragon, son."

Grim nodded. "So am I. The Nightmare is more than willing to help. We will not go alone."

* * *

><p>After breakfast, the riders got on their dragons and Ember-Ash and the black Nightmare led the way to where the Death was. They flew for over an hour before the Scottish Nightmares slowed down and began growling.<p>

"What are they saying, Grim?" Hiccup asked.

"We're close," replied Grim. "They don't want to take us much farther than this unless we're ready for a fight."

"We're ready!" yelled Snotlout. "Let's show these dragons what we got."

"Yeah!" yelled the twins.

"We need a plan," said Stoick.

"Better think fast," Fishlegs said, looking ahead of them. "Here they come!"

The dragons from the previous day and more were flying at them.

Deathshriek flew to the front. His facial markings turned white and he let out a horrific shriek. The shriek disoriented the dragons and they flew in other directions, not coming at them, but not returning to where they came from either.

"Good work," Grim praised Deathshriek quietly.

"No turning back now," said Stoick.

The black Nightmare grunted and led the way. They discovered a massive cave near the shore.

"This reminds me too much of the first Death," said Hiccup.

"It'll be okay," Astrid said. "This time we know what to do."

They hovered near the cave entrance.

"How do we draw it out?" asked Fishlegs.

"**We will serve you no more!**" the black Nightmare roared.

The other dragons joined in. Thornado even fired a sonic blast into the cave as well.

Everything went deathly silent. None of them needed to tell the others to be ready.

A booming roar erupted from the cave. A giant red dragon came stomping out.

"It looks puny," Ruffnut said.

Grim whirled around. "What are you talking about?" he cried.

"Ruff's right," said Hiccup. "It's smaller than the Death we fought."

"That may be, but don't underestimate it," said Stoick. "Grim, you're with me. We need to keep it distracted. Everyone else, try to get it to breathe fire."

"That's its only weakness," said Hiccup. "We'll destroy it from the inside out."

They broke formation. Stoick and Grim flew over to either side of the Death's head and had their dragons roar and shriek as loudly as they could. It disoriented the Death. It shook its head, searching for relief. It looked over at Deathshriek and tried to chomp down on him. Deathshriek and Grim disappeared and flew away from its jaws.

The other dragons flew around, tormenting the Death with their fire and spines.

"This isn't working!" Fishlegs called.

Stormfly fired her spines and struck the Death in the eye.

The Death roared in pain. It turned to Astrid and Stormfly and shot a jet of flames at the two.

"Astrid!" yelled Hiccup.

Something slammed into the side of the Death's head. It was enough to missed Astrid and Stormfly by inches. What hit the Death was a large reddish brown dragon. Blood began to come from a slash wound on the Death's shoulder.

Axewing flew up and prepared to dive. The Death looked up at him and let gas well up in its throat.

Barf and Belch added further injury to the Death by firing a continuous stream of fire into the gash Axewing made.

"Good shot!" called Stoick. "Thornado, sonic blast!"

"Stormfly, spine shot!"

"Toothless, plasma blast!"

"Hookfang, annihilate!"

"Barf, gas!"

"Belch, spark!"

"Meatlug, lava blast!"

"**Fire!**"

Everyone attacked at once, including Axewing, Ember-Ash, and the black Nightmare. The attacks barely did anything to the Death.

The ground suddenly gave out from under the Death's feet. Its front legs sank into the turned up earth. Grindheart came shooting above ground.

"**It looks like you could use some help, Toothless,**" Grindheart said.

Toothless grunted. "**Thank you, Grindheart.**"

"We need to get in the air," said Hiccup.

Stoick whirled. "Hiccup, don't let it be like the last time!"

"I know what I'm doing!" Hiccup yelled back. He urged Toothless forward.

"Famous last words," Snotlout said.

"He won't be alone!" Grim didn't need to coax Deathshriek much to follow after Hiccup and Toothless.

Toothless gained altitude. Hiccup heard a roar behind him. He looked back and saw Grim and Deathshriek coming up behind him.

"What are you doing?" called Hiccup. "You don't have to do this!"

"But I want to," Grim said. "And you'll need help."

Grim turned around on Deathshriek. "***Hey! You call this a fight, you four-legged eel? I've seen Terrors who fight with better than you, **_**Your Highness**_**!***" he roared as loud as he could.

The Death opened its wings and flapped. The wind knocked the remaining dragons out of the air.

"I don't know what you said to it, but it worked," said Hiccup. "Into the clouds!"

The two smaller dragons disappeared into the clouds, the Death following.

The other riders and dragons watched as explosions, fire, and screams came from the clouds.

"I have to get up there," said Stoick.

"No offence, sir," said Fishlegs, "but Hiccup has Toothless. They know what they're doing."

Stoick glared down at Fishlegs.

Fishlegs shrank under the chief's gaze. "And I'll be quiet."

"Fishlegs is right, Chief," said Astrid.

"He barely got through the first fight with a Death," Stoick argued.

Hiccup and Grim were leading a dangerous dance.

"**We have to hurry,**" Grim said to Deathshriek. "***The longer we keep this up, the greater the chance one of us doesn't come back alive.**"

"**Agreed,**" said Deathshriek. "***Toothless, end this quickly!***"

"Hiccup, we need to hurry!" Grim shouted over.

"Right," Hiccup said. "Toothless, dive!"

Toothless dove with the Death following him.

Deathshriek and Grim disappeared so the Death wouldn't be distracted by them.

"Steady, Toothless," Hiccup said. He looked over his shoulder. It would be just like their first battle with a Death. Timing was

everything. Hiccup just hoped that it wouldn't end like the first time. "Now!"

Toothless flipped over and fired a plasma blast directly into the Death's mouth.

"Let's go!" Hiccup yelled.

Toothless turned and hurried to get away from the falling Death.

"Hiccup, over here!" Grim yelled. The pair had reappeared. Grim was waving to them.

Toothless and Hiccup flew over to where Grim and Deathshriek were, dodging the dragon.

Something struck Hiccup in the side of the head and knocked him out of the saddle.

"No!"

"**No!**"

"**Hiccup!**" Toothless dove after an unconscious Hiccup.

Grim and Deathshriek followed them down.

"**You get Hiccup, I'll get Toothless!**" Grim ordered. With that, he jumped off of Deathshriek's back and dove after Toothless.

Grim reached out and grabbed Toothless' saddle. He shoved his feet into the stirrups and adjusted the tailfin.

"**What are you doing?**" roared Toothless.

"**Saving you!**" Grim replied.

"**But Hiccup!**"

"**Deathshriek will get him,**" Grim said confidently.

Deathshriek saw he was almost in reach of Hiccup. But there was a problem. If it was Grim, Deathshriek would have been able to grab him with his teeth and only leave bruises because of his dragon scale clothing. Hiccup didn't wear such clothing. Deathshriek had to think fast since the ground was coming up and there was a giant dying dragon falling after them.

The Death impacted in the water in a fiery explosion. From the shore, the dragons and riders saw a dragon and a rider emerge from the smoke.

"That's Toothless," said Tuffnut.

"Yeah, Hiccup made it," said Ruffnut.

Astrid frowned. "That's Toothless, but that's not Hiccup riding him."

Stoick felt like he was going to be sick. "Not again."

Toothless and Grim landed.

Stoick ran over to them. "What happened? Where's Hiccup?"

Grim turned to look out over the water. "He was knocked off. I went for Toothless. Deathshriek went for Hiccup."

They searched for Deathshriek and Hiccup.

"I know Deathshriek," Grim reassured them. "He caught him, I know he did."

A muffled screech came from the smoke. Grim put his hands to his mouth and screamed. He kept screaming until something came out of the smoke. It was Deathshriek with Hiccup in his mouth. The Baleful Banshee had caught Hiccup by the prosthetic and by some miracle the false leg stayed attached to Hiccup.

"Hiccup!" cried Astrid.

"Son!" Stoick jumped onto Thornado's back and they flew out to meet them. "Hiccup!"

The two dragons met up and hovered where Stoick took Hiccup from Deathshriek.

"Thank you," Stoick said to Deathshriek.

They returned to shore.

"Is he dead?" asked Tuffnut.

"He looks like it," said Ruffnut.

Astrid moved over to them. "Hiccup?"

"It looks like Deathshriek brought him back safely," said Stoick. "He certainly has a lump on his head though."

Grim coughed. "Let's get him back to the castle," he said hoarsely. He tried to growl to the dragons, but he started hacking again.

Fishlegs reached out to steady him. "You need to rest, too."

"I'm fine," said Grim. "All the screaming to Deathshriek. He was lost in there."

"You did great out there," Stoick praised Grim. He turned to the other riders. "All of you."

"Yeah," Snotlout said. "It's what we do."

* * *

><p>Back at the castle, they reported the Death was gone and the dragons would go back to where they came from before the Death came.<p>

Hiccup was knocked out for another hour. When he woke up, checked what was left of his limbs.

"I didn't lose anything this time," he said.

"How are you feeling?"

The hoarse voice surprised Hiccup. He saw Grim sitting in a chair near the bed.

"I'll be okay," said Hiccup. "I have a headache."

"It'll pass." Grim coughed. "Sorry. I had to scream to Deathshriek so he could find us. You were knocked off of Toothless."

Hiccup's eyes went wide. "Is Toothless okay? What about the Death?"

"Calm down," said Grim. "Toothless is fine. When you fell off, I went after Toothless and Deathshriek caught you. Toothless and I went back to shore, but Deathshriek got lost in the smoke. Once we found you, we all came back here."

"Is anyone hurt?" asked Hiccup.

"Gobber's looking after the dragons," Grim told him. "Injuries are minor. Astrid has a few minor burns from her close call with the Death. I have a sore throat and a few scratches. The dragons are bruised and are a little scorched, but a few days and some shed scales and they'll be in the peak of health. You were the one we were the most worried about."

Hiccup got up. "We better go tell the others."

Hiccup and Grim left the room.

"Grim."

They turned to Elinor.

"Yes, your highness," said Grim.

"Go on, Hiccup," said Elinor. "I need to speak with your brother. It is good to see you awake, lad."

Hiccup smiled and tapped Grim's shoulder. "I'll be down with the dragons."

Grim nodded.

"Walk with me, Grim," said Elinor.

Grim followed Elinor through the corridors.

"You certainly are a mystery," said Elinor. "You clearly aren't Viking by blood. You know protocol, although you haven't taught your brother."

"I apologize for that," said Grim.

"You do not need to," said Elinor. "I do have a few questions for you."

"All right," said Grim.

Elinor stopped and turned to Grim. "You were nobility at one point in time. I do not believe you are Scottish. I would remember you for certain if you were."

Grim put his head down. "I do not like to talk about it, your highness. Hiccup is the only one who knows the truth and I have him sworn to silence. He doesn't even know my real name. The name I use now is the one the dragons gave me."

"Would you tell me?"

Grim was surprised. It was a request and not a command. He had to think about the answer.

* * *

><p>Hiccup ran outside. "Toothless!"<p>

The Night Fury tackled Hiccup.

"I'm okay, bud," Hiccup laughed.

"Hiccup!" Astrid ran over to Hiccup.

Hiccup pushed Toothless away and got to his feet. "Astrid."

Astrid punched him in the arm.

Hiccup grabbed where she punched him. "Ow! What was that for?"

"That was for scaring me," said Astrid. She kissed him on the cheek. "And that's for everything else."

Hiccup blushed.

Stoick and Fergus walked outside to the dragons.

"Hiccup!" Stoick called. He ran over and scooped him up in a bear hug. "You're safe."

"Dad, can't breathe," strained Hiccup.

"Hiccup!" Merida ran over to them. "I knew you'd be all right."

Merida was quickly joined by the triplets.

"Can we go flying now?" one of them asked.

"They're pretty tired," said Fishlegs. "Meatlug needs to sleep."

"They all do," said Astrid.

"Boys, you leave the riders alone," Fergus said.

The triplets ran off to do something else.

Merida smiled at Hiccup. "Thank you."

"You're welcome," Hiccup said with a grin.

Fergus clapped Hiccup on the back. "Well done, lad." He turned. "A feast to celebrate the victory of the dragon riders!" he boomed for everyone to hear. Fergus went back inside the castle.

Hiccup glanced over Merida's shoulder and saw the lords and their sons. He smiled at them. The lords turned away, but their sons gave Hiccup looks of admiration before following their fathers.

* * *

><p>There was another feast that evening to celebrate. The dining hall was crowded. Everyone was civil to each other. Some of the Scotsmen dancing. It reminded Grim he had a promise to keep.<p>

Grim turned to Merida and waited for her to look up from her food. When she did, he tilted his head in the direction of the dancers. Merida's face lit up when she remembered Grim said he would show her a dance he learned from the dragons. She got up and walked over to him.

"Are you going to show me now?" she asked.

"Yes," Grim answered. "But we need to go outside. I doubt many will appreciate having dragons dancing in the dining hall."

Merida nodded and the two of them left the dining hall. Hiccup and some of the others watched them leave.

Once outside, Grim called to Deathshriek. The blue and black dragon sauntered over to them.

"**Merida wants to see one of the dances the Shooting Stars preform,**" Grim said.

Deathshriek nodded. He turned to the other dragons. "**Make a circle.**"

Grim pulled Merida into the circle.

Deathshriek cleared his throat. He began singing slowly.

Grim took Merida's right hand in his. "Follow me. I'll lead."

Merida nodded nervously. She followed Grim's steps, which were easy since they were moving slow.

"When you said you would show me a dance, I did not think I would be a part of it," she told Grim.

"When you are comfortable, Deathshriek will pick up the pace and we will follow," said Grim. "When you are comfortable with that, some of the other dragons may join in."

Merida nodded. The steps were easy and Merida was soon comfortable enough to have Grim tell Deathshriek to speed up the song. Grim and Merida moved around the circle alternating holding hands and letting go to spin to the outside of the circle close enough to touch the dragons. Merida came back into the center and saw Grim drawing Ember-Ash in to participate in the dance. The small Nightmare stayed behind Grim and followed his steps. When Grim reached the opposite side of the circle, he motioned to another dragon - Toothless. The Night Fury followed behind Merida, which made her a little nervous.

"Do not worry," said Grim. "Everything is fine."

Merida continued to dance with Grim, ignoring the frolicking dragons behind them.

Grim reached out and grabbed her hand. He pulled her in close. "Faster, Merida."

Merida picked up the pace. She could hear Deathshriek sing faster. She watched the dragons cut in and make a complete circle around her before returning to their backs.

At the end, Grim put one arm around her waist and lifted her off the ground while he spun. Merida threw her hands over her head and laughed. Deathshriek ended the song abruptly. Grim lowered Merida.

"That was fun!" Merida laughed.

There was applause.

Grim and Merida looked out from the ring of dragons and saw Vikings and Scotsmen watching them.

"How long have you been there?" Grim asked.

"Long enough," Astrid laughed.

Hiccup turned to Toothless. "I didn't know you could dance."

Merida turned to Grim. "Thank you." She kissed him on the cheek and hurried back to the party.

There were a few catcalls from Snotlout and the twins. There were also a few laughs from the dragons and a comment from Deathshriek apparently so embarrassing Grim blushed.

"**Shriek!**" Grim squealed.

The dragon nudged him in the side. "**Aw, Grim. I'm joking.**"

Hiccup came over to Grim. "That was amazing. Can you show me that? Maybe Astrid and I could do that sometime."

"Yes," replied Grim.

* * *

><p>In the morning, the Vikings were getting prepared to leave. The flight back to Berk would take all day and part of the night.<p>

The triplets played with the dragons. Maudie, their nurse, was trying to keep them under control while staying away from the dragons. It was an impossible task.

Stoick saw them and laughed. "I believe I promised you lads a flight."

The triplets stopped and nodded.

Stoick walked over to Thornado. "What do you say, Thornado? Do you want to give these three a ride?"

The Thunder Drum let out a loud roar of reply and lay down to let them climb on. Stoick helped the boys onto Thornado's back and climbed up himself. "Nice and easy, Thornado. We don't want them falling off."

Thornado took off carefully and Stoick gave the boys a ride.

Hiccup watched them.

"That'll keep them happy for weeks," Merida said, coming up beside Hiccup.

"A dragon ride can do that," said Hiccup.

Merida glanced over. "Maudie looks like she's going to have a heart attack."

Hiccup looked at the terrified nursemaid. He laughed.

Merida folded her hands in front of her. "You know, the last time I was on a dragon, it was terrifying."

"Yeah. Sorry about that," Hiccup said with a shrug.

"Do you want to go on another one?" Grim asked, scaring both of them.

"You move like a ghost!" Merida scolded. She frowned. "Are you offering a ride on Deathshriek?"

Deathshriek came over. Grim hopped onto his back and held his hand out to Merida. She pulled herself onto Deathshriek's back behind Grim.

"Get comfortable," said Grim. "It is different than riding with a saddle. You have to hold onto me and hang on with your knees."

"Just like riding Angus bareback." Merida held on. "I'm ready."

Grim gave a nod. "Let's go, Deathshriek."

Deathshriek followed Thornado and flew side by side.

Merida waved. "Hi, boys!"

The triplets turned to her and waved.

Stoick looked over and grinned at Grim and Merida.

They flew around the castle a few times before they landed in the courtyard again.

"Thank you, Grim," said Merida. "You, too, Deathshriek." She patted Deathshriek on the nose. Merida turned back to Grim. "You shared something with me. I want to share something with you. Come on."

Merida led Grim out to the archery field.

"Can you shoot?" Merida asked.

"I can," replied Grim.

Merida picked up a bow and handed him an arrow. "Hit that target." She pointed to a target twenty-five yards away.

Grim gave her an incredulous look. "All right." He fired the arrow down the field and hit the target.

"Good shot," said Merida. She quickly raised her bow and arrow and fired. Her arrow hit the bull's-eye.

"Impressive," Grim commented.

"Thank you," Merida said proudly. "Archery is my best event."

Grim and Merida fired several arrows at the target. Merida had a bull's-eye every time while Grim was happy he made the target.

"You're good," said Merida.

"Not as good as you are," said Grim.

"You're hitting the target," said Merida. "That says something about your skill. Do you want to learn how to hit a bull's-eye like I do?"

Grim smiled. "I would like that very much."

* * *

><p>Hiccup was watching them from behind a weapons rack.<p>

"And what are you doing lurking around?"

Hiccup yelped and whirled around. Elinor was standing with her arms crossed. Hiccup stuttered horribly while making hand gestures.

Elinor laughed. "You are not in trouble, Hiccup." She watched her daughter and Grim. "They like each other."

"Yeah," said Hiccup. "Grim won't admit it. I think he's happy to have

someone other than me to have fun with. We all get along back home and he's my brother, but we don't connect completely. I can't shoot like he can. I can't even pick up a normal sized weapon. Everything I use is specially made for me. The others spar with him, but after what happened with one of the other chiefs, they're nervous that he may hurt them. The twins love that! They're always hitting each other. Snotlout boasts and Grim takes him down a peg or two. Fishlegs likes to learn more about dragons. Astrid is competitive and they are usually sparring partners in weapons training."

"I see," said Elinor. A smile came to her face. "In all honest, I have never seen Merida smile so much around him. She wants to marry for love. No doubt she told you about the arranged marriage."

"Yeah," Hiccup said.

"Grim would be a good match," Elinor continued.

"You do know he's a Viking," said Hiccup.

"Not by blood," Elinor told him. "I spoke to Grim about it."

"Really?" Hiccup asked. "He told you?"

Elinor nodded. "Yes."

"Hiccup!" Merida yelled. "What do you say to one more flight?"

"Okay!" said Hiccup. "Excuse me."

Elinor laughed. "Go on."

Hiccup found Toothless. Merida decided she like riding with Hiccup and Toothless and climbed on behind him. Grim and Deathshriek followed them into the sky.

Merida threw up her hands and whooped, her hair flying behind her. "Faster!"

"Okay," Hiccup said. "Hold on!"

Toothless needed no more instruction after he heard Merida cry faster.

Deathshriek followed Toothless.

Hiccup had Toothless to a barrel roll. Merida screamed in delight and Toothless went into a steep dive. They pulled up and Toothless' feet brushed the tree tops.

Deathshriek and Grim caught up with them.

"**Grim, look!**" Deathshriek called out.

Grim looked in the direction of where Deathshriek was looking. A little blue flame hovered above the ground.

"A wisp," muttered Grim. He got the others' attention and pointed to the wisp.

"Should we follow it?" asked Hiccup.

"They have a reason for being here," said Merida. "We should follow them."

"Okay. Toothless."

"Deathshriek, follow," Grim commanded.

The dragons glided over the trees, looking at the trail of wisps. It was not long before they found themselves at the witch's cottage again. They landed and walked up to the door.

Merida knocked on the door. The door opened.

"Ah, they're back," the crow cawed.

The witch looked up from what she was carving. "You're here!" she said. She picked up two pendants. "I made you boys something."

"Uh-oh," muttered Hiccup.

The witch pressed two wooden pendants into the boys' hands. "These are for you on your future adventures."

"Our future adventures?" asked Hiccup.

"Boys like you will have many adventures," said the witch. "These will make it easier. As long as you wear them, you'll be able to understand any language of man."

Hiccup looked at the pendant. The wooden medallion was small and carved with little swirls that reminded Hiccup of tongues.

"Thank you, grandmother," Grim said. He bowed his head in gratitude. "Thank you for helping us."

"Aw, aren't you sweet!" the witch exclaimed with a blush. "Now you should get back."

"We should," said Hiccup. "Dad is going to want to leave soon and it will take us all day and night to get back home." He turned to the witch. "Thanks again."

Merida thanked the witch as well.

The dragons raced back to the castle. The Berk dragons were saying goodbye to the Scottish dragons.

"What's going to happen to them?" Merida asked, looking at Ember-Ash and the black Nightmare.

"I will ask them," Grim said.

"They'll most likely return to their lives before the Death enslaved them," said Hiccup. "Unless you wanted to learn to train

dragons."

"No, thank you," said Merida. "I don't mean there is something wrong with training dragons."

Hiccup waved off the comment. "Don't worry about it."

Grim walked over to the dragons.

"**Dragon speaker,**" greeted the black Nightmare.

"**Grim,**" said Ember-Ash.

"**Grim,**" said the black Nightmare. "**Thank you for saving us.**"

"**I was not the only one,**" said Grim.

"**No, but we owe you the most,**" the black Nightmare said. "**You and your friends are destined for great things.**"

"**Why do you say that?**" asked Grim.

The black Nightmare snorted. "**Do I need to answer? I hope you come to visit again soon.**"

"**What will you do now?**" Grim inquired.

"**We will start repairing our lives,**" the black Nightmare replied. "**Ember-Ash will need a mentor. He is still too young to be on his own.**"

Ember-Ash turned to the black Nightmare in surprise. "**I can stay with you?**"

The black Nightmare nodded.

"**Then this is good-bye,**" said Grim.

"**For now.**" The black Nightmare had an odd look in his eye. "**We will meet again one day, Grim. And then, you may call me Blackscar.**"

"**Until then,**" said Grim, giving the black Nightmare, Blackscar, a pat on the snout before returning to the others.

Grim joined the others on their dragons. He noticed Fishlegs carrying something suspicious. "Fishlegs, what do you have?"

"Nothing," Fishlegs quickly said.

Grim gave him a dubious look.

Fishlegs was trying to hide something that was squirming in his pack.

Grim got off Deathshriek and walked over to Meatlug. "**What does he have?**"

"**The Creeping Shadow you rescued,**" Meatlug replied.

Grim looked up at Fishlegs. "Let him out."

Fishlegs groaned and let the Creeping Shadow out of his pack. The little dragon gasped for breath. He turned to Grim and gave him a toothy smile.

"**Hi,**" said the Creeping Shadow. "**Can I go with you?**"

"**Do you want to come? Or is Fishlegs trying to smuggle you to Berk to learn more about you?**" Grim asked.

"**I want to come with. You're nice to me.**"

Grim turned to Fishlegs.

Fishlegs gulped. "Can I keep him?"

Grim gave him a nod and went back to Deathshriek.

"Yes!" Fishlegs gave the Creeping Shadow a hug.

"**You're hurting me!**" the little dragon strained.

Stoick and Gobber got on Thornado.

"All right, everyone," Stoick called. "Let's go home." He snapped the reins.

Thornado let out a roar and took to the air. The other dragons roared and followed the Thunder Drum. The riders turned around in their saddles and waved good-bye to the Scots.

"I'm glad to be going home," said Astrid.

"Yeah," agreed Hiccup. "What about you, Grim?"

Grim gave a soft smile. "Yes." He ran his hand over Deathshriek's head. "I am glad to be going home."

* * *

><p>And this is the end of Brave Dragon Trainers. The next installment in the series will be under the How To Train Your Dragon section and will be titled Dragon Brothers. It will be focusing on the season one finale and all through season two. I'm using it as a project to see if I can seamlessly add a character into the television series. I'll be covering most of the episodes and may be filling in some plot holes. The first posting will be long and should hold you over for the week I'm on vacation since I'm not taking my laptop with me (one more thing to get lost, stolen, or broken).

End
file.